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His long life-march is ended,
 His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
 Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
 Is an unsetting sun.

The measured tramp of battle
 Beats in his pulse no more;
He hears no more the rattle,
 He heeds no more the roar,
Fixed within
By the din
 On bloody fields of yore.

In him through years unsleeping
 The early conflicts lay,
His great, still spirit keeping
 The fight of Chippeway;
Lundy's Lane
Through his grain
 Struck deeper than the bay.

And D'Ulloa's towers within him,
 And Cerro Gordo's height,
Like giants watched to win him
 From life's small, creeping blight;
High and calm
In their psalm
 He kept the way of right.

And Aztec halls, repeating
 His firm victorious tread,
Found in his spirit meeting
 Fit for their mighty dead;
Weaker men
Ne'er again
 Their influence round him shed.

In time when others faltered
 Before the storm that blew,
His mighty soul, unaltered
 By error's specious view,
Stormed in vain,
With no strain
 Stood up unmoved and true.

And he, in mercy loving,
 Through weariness of years
Was kept unto the proving
 Of hopes that knew not fears;
Gently then—
First of men—
 He passed, and left us tears.

His long life-march is ended,
 His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
 Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
 Is an unsetting sun.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866.

THE DUTY OF UNION.

DURING the last few months there have been enthusiastic meetings and passionate speeches in support or condemnation of Congress or the President. It has been confidently asserted that the difference would be referred to the people at the autumn-elections, and they would authoritatively decide between the contestants. All this has seemed to us premature, for the reason that the points of dissent were not finally established. All that is clear is, that the President holds certain theories of the situation and Congress apparently others. But what Congress intended to propose under its theories was undecided, while nothing was more evident than that the President's logic was amazingly defective—and, to use a plain phrase, that his bark was worse than his bite.

A political canvass before an election must be conducted upon certain proposed measures, and not upon theories. A bank or no bank: a tariff or no tariff: the toleration or prohibition of slavery in a Territory; it is upon such intelligible measures that every body can comprehend that the great popular debates upon the stump are held and the popular decisions are made at the polls. Now the important question is, what are the differences in proposed measures between the President and Congress upon which the country is to be asked to decide?

That both honestly wish the restoration of the Union can not be doubted. That both have a theory as to the principle which should regulate that restoration is obvious. But until we know precisely what Congress proposes how can an issue be made for an election? The decision of the Senate caucus and the debate in the Senate foreshadow, indeed, the ground which Congress probably means to occupy. But is it so clear that the President will refuse to stand with them? Suppose that Congress proposes to disqualify certain rebel leaders for certain offices until two-thirds of each House remove the disqualification, and substantially to equalize representation by basing it upon voters, is it probable that the President, who has so constantly insisted upon making treason odious, and has suggested the very same amendment, will take the unnecessary responsibility of opposing so mild and generous a settlement? In making these propositions Congress will have yielded much to the desire of harmony with the Executive. Is the Executive to yield nothing?

It is true that the President may refuse all accommodation. He may insist that he has required all that is needful, all that is constitutional. He may declare that he will stand or fall without moving an inch from his present position. He has indeed virtually said as much. But he said it under other circumstances. He said it when it seemed as if Congress intended to occupy a position of uncompromising hostility. He said it before the mature decision of Congress had been declared. If after that declaration—after the wise, just, and moderate proposition which it would seem that Congress is prepared to make—the President should insist that the representatives of the loyal people are to have no voice in the settlement of the victory which those people have won, then the issue will indeed be made, and the final appeal taken to the country.

But surely all those who believe as we do, that the division of the Union party, and the consequent surrender of the Government of this country to a party controlled by the counsels of such leaders as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM, and HORATIO SEYMOUR, would be incalculably disastrous to the cause of true liberty and civilization, will not passionately insist that such division, with all its consequences, is inevitable. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, we observe, fervently desires that result. He prays that the Union party may be defeated. But its defeat is the resumption of power by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and his friends. Why does not Mr. PHILLIPS put it in the other way, and say that he fervently hopes for the success of those gentlemen? Mr. PHILLIPS did what he could to defeat Mr. LINCOLN in 1864 by chilling the public confidence in him. He declared LINCOLN recreant to liberty. He hopes now to chill confidence in the party that elected Mr. LINCOLN by a similar declaration. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. PHILLIPS's position is not partisan. He is a critic of all parties, and asks nothing of any. But all men who, like JOHN BRIGHT in England, believe that great political and social results are to be attained through party organizations, will, like him, while they declare equal rights to be the ultimate aim of their efforts, yet cordially work with any great party which shows the practical power to advance nearer to that bourne.

It is to secure the gains already made; to intrust the completion of the work of restoration to the hands which defeated rebellion, that it is the imperative duty of the President, of Congress, and of all loyal men, to maintain the ascendency of the Union party until its work is accomplished. Congress has evidently yielded much to this great result; and it remains for the President to decide whether the restoration of the Union which should be accomplished by an alliance of the late rebel leaders, of the Copperhead leaders, and of such individual recruits as Senator COWAN, would not be a reactionary reconstruction, sure to plunge us into further trouble. It would not be President JOHNSON and Senator COWAN who would control that alliance, but Mr. STEPHENS, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and Mr. PENDLETON. Whoever takes the responsibility of putting this Government into such hands will have a serious account to settle with the loyal American people.

THE MARTYR OF FORT MONROE.

THE strenuous effort of those who had no word of horror for the torture and massacre of Union soldiers at Andersonville and Belle-Isle to represent JEFFERSON DAVIS as the victim of cruelty at Fort Monroe have occasioned the publication of his bill of fare for a week, which has been widely published. There are thousands of honest people all over the land, who work hard for their living, who would be very glad of half as good fare as the Martyr of Fort Monroe daily enjoys. For those of our readers who may not have seen the list we quote a specimen:

"WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast*—Ham and eggs, wheat and corn-bread, butter, sugar, coffee, milk. *Dinner*—Mutton-chops, stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, apples, bread, butter, coffee.

"THURSDAY.—*Breakfast*—Beef-steak, two boiled eggs, wheat or corn-bread, butter, sugar, milk, coffee. *Dinner*—Veal-cutlets, panned oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, coffee, butter.

"FRIDAY.—*Breakfast*—Stewed oysters, mackerel, or fresh fish, wheat and corn-bread, coffee, sugar, milk, and butter. *Dinner*—Pork-steak, poached eggs, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee.

"SATURDAY.—*Breakfast*—Mutton-chops, two boiled eggs, bread, butter, milk, sugar, coffee. *Dinner*—Stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee."

This probably compares favorably with the daily bill of fare at Andersonville; but since there will undoubtedly be a persistent attempt to excite sympathy and even admiration for JEFFERSON DAVIS as a political prisoner suffering for an honest difference of political opinion, it is as well to understand clearly precisely what his position is.

The odium that hangs around his name, and which will forever deepen, does not arise from the fact that he held abstractly the theory of State sovereignty and the constitutionally reserved right of secession; but that he and his fellow-conspirators chose to assert that doctrine at the cost of countless innocent lives and of the welfare of the country, not to remedy injustice or oppression for which there was no legal redress, but to perpetuate the foulest system of tyranny under the sun. Had DAVIS and his confederates appealed to God and mankind for the rectitude of their intention as revealed in the purpose of the war which they invoked—had they armed against the National Government in the name of vital State rights which that Government had denied—had they risen against an arbitrary power which was grinding them and their families, and trampling upon sacred, natural, and constitutional rights for which it refused a remedy—then, indeed, the last terrible appeal to blood, which only hopeless oppression authorizes, would have been justified, and their cause, however unfortunate, would have commanded the admiration and sympathy of the world.

It is idle to say that, holding secession to be a constitutional right, they might assert it at any time, and for any purpose which pleased them. When war is the cost of the practical assertion of any right it can be justified only by the fact of vital grievance for which there is no other redress, or by the purpose for which it is intended to exercise that right. That was the justification of our great revolution of 1776. But what is JEFFERSON DAVIS as the official representative of the rebellion of 1861? He is a man who deliberately plunged his country into the most fearful war, and flooded it with blood that he might whip women and sell children at his pleasure. His pretense was State sovereignty, his purpose was human slavery. That was the object for which he and the other leaders "fired the Southern heart." For this they directed the war. For this they starved brave men at Andersonville and Belle-Isle, tortured them into idiocy, and shot them like dogs. For this were Southern Union men seized at night, and before the eyes of their despairing wives and agonized children hung and shot and drowned. For this they drove thousands and thousands of conscripts to die upon the field of battle. For this JEFFERSON DAVIS's garments reek with innocent blood, and his name is a stench.

Here is a pretty martyr, with his ham and eggs and panned oysters! Here is a Christian hero; and General MILES must be removed if he does not bow low enough! Here is a model American, who must be magnified into a Spielberg victim and sufferer of the Bastile if his muffins are not toasted, and his beef-steak is overdone! Our readers will bear us witness that we have not advocated vengeance, that we think the trial of DAVIS for treason a mistake, and that we are ready to take, with fair precautions, all the necessary and inevitable risks of the situation. But the maudlin sentimentality that would drape with the dignity of a martyr for political opinion a man who for such a purpose waged such a war we believe will disastrously recoil upon those who foster it. We have no wish to revive dead feuds or to use harsh words, but we can conceive no greater misfortune to the manhood of American youth than that they should be taught to regard BENEDICT ARNOLD as an honorable man, or JEFFERSON DAVIS as a guiltless and unfortunate patriot.

THE PAUSE IN EUROPE.

IT is natural that the great powers of Europe should pause upon the very edge of war and reflect if there be no alternative. It is so long since there was a general war upon the Continent, and every war has such inevitable horrors and so doubtful a conclusion, that it is not strange there is reluctance to strike the first blow. Once struck, there would be no recoil. Once begun, war could end only in a reconstruction of the map, and an enormous debt, weighing upon every belligerent with crushing force.

Yet we do not see that war can be easily avoided. If the considerations were merely dynastical, they could be settled in a Congress. But they are national, and involve the most absorbing passions. Italy will go into no Congress which does not accept the cession of Venice to the Italians as a preliminary. Yet Austria can not consent to relinquish Venice without fatally impairing her prestige as a great power. Prussia can not consent without some equivalent that France shall stretch her line to the Rhine; yet where is the equivalent that can be offered? The call of a Congress is wise, if only to show that no accommodation is practicable. Italy is inflamed already; GARIBALDI has been summoned to the head of the volunteers. A large loan has been taken. The people believe their cause to be sacred. It has the sympathy of the world. The eager Italians believe the long looked-for hour is already striking. How can they pause? If the ministry order GARIBALDI back to Caprera they must be ready to face an insurrection. Austria must therefore, as it seems to us, surrender the Italian portion of her empire or there must be war.

And if it comes and desolates Europe, let us learn its lesson. It is simply this, that any settlement of great political convulsions which is reactionary will very soon revenge itself upon those who make it by plunging them into deeper trouble. The English revolution of 1645 ended in the death of CROMWELL by the return of CHARLES II. and the old STUART régime. It was a reactionary settlement, and it ended eighteen years later by the menace of a vast war, which was avoided by the peaceful and "glorious" revolution of 1688 and a settlement which was not reactionary. The revolution of 1787 in France was finally composed by the settlement of 1815 which was reactionary. It was made in the interest of certain families, and not of the nations nor of the people of Europe. Consequently there have been discontents and dangers and overthrows until now, after fifty years, the settlement is to be changed either by a Congress, which is improbable, or by the sword.

In this country we are doing for the Union what the settlement of 1815 did for Europe. Let us take care that it be not reactionary like that, but in the direction of the war itself, like the glorious settlement of England in 1688

WALL STREET SQUABBLES.

A FALL in Erie stock from 96 in January last to 57 last week has led to much angry comment in newspapers which sympathize with holders of stock. Some journals have fiercely denounced Mr. DANIEL DREW, the leading director of the concern, and have tried to make him responsible for the decline.

Now we have no desire to figure as Mr. DREW's apologist. He is old enough and able enough to take care of himself. But in a matter of this kind a little common sense is not out of the way.

It is on record that the earnings of the Erie Railway have fallen off half a million in the first four months of 1866; that the concern owes, exclusive of bonded debt, nearly four millions of dollars which it can not pay; and that no dividends can be paid for some years to come. Under these circumstances, for which no director of the concern is responsible, a decline in the stock would seem fully warranted. If any body is to be taken to task on the subject, why not assail Mr. ROBERT H. BERDELL, the President, instead of this or that director?

But it is said that Mr. DREW is a speculator in the stock, and has made money on the decline. This may or may not be the case. We pretend to no information on the subject. Mr. DREW is well known as a large, bold, and generally successful operator in Wall Street. We presume he denies this to no one. As such he operates in all stocks, including the stock of the Erie Railway, of which he is a director. When he thinks it is going up he buys for the rise; when he thinks it is going down he sells for the fall. Whether he sold for the fall when the stock was 80 @ 90 no one but he and his broker know. If he did not do so, he neglected his business as a speculator. For it was clear to every one, three or four months ago, that a heavy fall in Erie was sooner or later inevitable. But to hold him responsible for that fall, simply because it is supposed that he foresaw it and acted upon his prescience, is on a par with holding an astronomer responsible for the occurrence of an eclipse.

The abuse of Mr. DREW emanates from cliques which have bought large quantities of stock for the rise, and are disgusted that the public do not step in to take them off their hands. The famous clique which bought up all the Prairie du Chien, and own it still, have lately bought all the floating New York Central at 93 @ 98, and are waiting for somebody to buy it of them at an advance. They are said to have lodged $2,500,000 with some bankers as margin on the operation, and so long as money remains easy they can go on buying stock and holding it indefinitely. Another clique has bought up all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, and are holding that, waiting, like MICAWBER, for something to turn up which shall relieve them of their burden. Another clique have bought up all the Canton; another all the Boston Water-power; another all the Fort Wayne. All these cliques argue that the prevailing ease of money, which Mr. M'CULLOCH has created, must sooner or later generate speculation in stocks, and lead the public to take their property off their hands at an advance. Thus far they have met with but poor success. With a brief exceptional period, money has ruled at 4 @ 5 per cent. for 90 days, but no general speculation has been developed in Wall Street. Commission brokers are doing little or nothing. The fall in Erie naturally confirmed the unwillingness of the outside public to buy stocks, and hence the abuse of Mr. DREW in newspapers which are devoted to the interests of the overloaded cliques.

Speculation may yet break out. The brokers all desire it from natural motives, and the public may yet possibly be lured into the arena. But the signs of the times are not favorable. Mr. M'CULLOCH may play fast and loose, as he has done hitherto. But the people at large want a return to specie payments, and they will have it sooner or later. So long as that is impending speculations for the rise will be dangerous. The Opposition party will presently put a hard-money plank in their platform, and unless the Administration meets the move with a corresponding pledge, and evinces some willingness to carry it out, it will be defeated at the elections. Smart as Wall Street is, and keenly as the old heads of that meridian scan the signs of the times, it is plain as the sun at noonday that until the paper dollar be worth a dollar in gold the tendency of prices, with periodical and spasmodic exceptions, must be downward, and speculators who operate for the rise must sooner or later be overwhelmed in ruin.

A CORRESPONDENT ANSWERED.

A WALL Street correspondent, referring to an article of last week entitled "Financiering Extraordinary," asks several questions.

1. Is it a fact, as stated in that article, that somebody made three millions out of the Government on the sales of gold?

Answer.—Mr. PETER M. MYERS, Government broker, sold $32,000,000, or thereabout, of Government gold at 130½ @ 130¼. All last week the price ranged at 140¼ @ 141¼. Therefore the buyers of Government gold realized the difference between 130½ and say 141, which, on $32,000,000, is about $3,500,000 in currency.

2. Who bought the Government gold and realized this profit?

Answer.—Nobody can answer this question. The gold was bought chiefly in large lots, many of them a million each, by leading gold-dealers, who may have acted for customers, or may have bought for themselves. Nothing but an inspection of the books of the parties to whom the Government gold was delivered could determine the names of the real buyers.

3. Was it possible for any Government agents, knowing the purpose of the Department, and rightly construing the import of the news from Europe, to buy gold from Mr. MYERS so as to be sure of a profit?

Answer.—Mr. MYERS had his orders to sell at 130 clear of commission. He, and any persons to whom he may have imparted the secret of his orders, must have known perfectly well that as soon as he stopped selling the news of the London panic would drive gold up 5 @ 10 per cent. Buying gold from MYERS was therefore a sure operation, especially after he had sold ten or twelve millions. There is no evidence to show that any Government agent did take advantage of MYERS's orders, and speculate in gold. But there must have been sev-

eral Government agents besides MYERS who had an opportunity on that Monday afternoon of making a fortune at the expense of the Government.

4. Is MYERS still the Government broker? and how came he to be selected for the post?

Answer.—Mr. MYERS is still, so far as we know, the Government broker. His selection for the post is understood to have arisen from his being the brother-in-law of Secretary M'CULLOCH.

THE PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE question of a paid Fire Department in a large city no more admits of serious discussion than that of a paid police. There is no more efficient body of firemen in the world than the Paris *pompiers,* and although great fires are infrequent there, because the houses are not built as with us so as to insure destruction if they take fire, yet the management is admirably prompt, skillful, and decisive. The treatment of fires in our inflammable cities is serious work. To be properly done there must be a body of men ready to move and act at any moment. These men must be of independent circumstances or they must be well paid. To leave the labor to chance volunteers is to create a dangerous class in the community, as was fully established by the investigation which preceded the passage of the Paid Department Bill. There may be among them daring and skillful men, as the experience of fires in New York proves; but it is idle to suppose that they would be less daring or less skillful if their services were properly appreciated and rewarded. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

For our distant friends we may state that the opposition to the paid system proceeds from that interest in the city of New York to which we owe our enormous taxation and utter misgovernment. It is that interest of wholly venal and corrupt politicians which has made the name of the city a by-word and reproach, and which keeps it politically in alliance with all that is mean and un-American. It is a conclusive argument for the paid system that this interest bitterly denounced it, as it denounced the Police Commission and the Board of Health. If a man is known by his friends, great public measures are tested by their enemies. When FERNANDO WOOD was ready to oppose by force the introduction of the Police Board there was not an intelligent citizen who did not know that the Board was absolutely essential to the protection of the city. And when the "shysters" and "bunkers" of every degree are in full cry against the Paid Fire Department, its necessity and value are fully established.

THE FENIAN RAID.

THAT Ireland has real wrongs, and that the rule of that island by England has been generally fierce and stupid, can not be denied. But there is of late years a manifest disposition to reason and reform, and in so complicated a difficulty there can be no hope except in the greatest good sense upon both sides. The total forgetfulness of this fact has occasioned the recent wild and criminal efforts at Irish rebellion, so that it is the folly of the revolutionary leaders which is responsible for the constant delays and despairs of the English friends of Ireland.

While the Fenian movement was confined to Jones's Wood and the "Moffat Mansion" it was merely amusing, except for its mad waste of the hardly-earned money of simple men and women. But when a rabble cross the border, and without artillery or supplies or trains begin to make war by murdering honest people who turn out to defend their homes, the affair ceases to be contemptible and becomes criminal, and the worst fate that should befall such offenders would excite little pity. Mr. O'MAHONY is very probably a sincere enthusiast, as fit to lead a revolution as a blind man to command a seventy-four. Mr. STEPHENS, there is no reason to doubt, is much of the same character; but many of the other managers are designing men who have fortunately disgusted many of their followers.

It is a poetic justice that Canada, which was a nest of the most malignant rebels during the late war in this country, and which smiled placidly at their forays and plots against the lives and properties of loyal American citizens, has been invaded by one of the very rebels whose confederates she so gladly harbored. The O'NEILL who figures in the late affray at the mouth of the Niagara River was a companion and friend of WIRZ at Andersonville. He raised a body of Irishmen among the prisoners he was starving, to fight against this country. Canada cheered him on; Canada was polite to O'NEILL's comrades, CLEMENT CLAY and JACOB THOMPSON; O'NEILL was bravely fighting for "his country." Points of view differ, and Canada can now comprehend exactly how her conduct seemed to loyal American citizens.

The conduct of our Government in the whole affair has been prompt and honorable. There has been no simulated neutrality. General GRANT, passing by chance through Buffalo, issued the necessary orders. The directions from Washington were decisive, and were not delayed because of any untimely colic of the legal advisers of the Government, as in the case of the British counselor, whose stomach-ache allowed the *Alabama* to escape.

We hope that those honest people who are anxious to redress the wrongs of Ireland will now see that the road to that redress does not lie through the blood of innocent men in Canada. They have given their money, and have received in return a foolish blunder and a monstrous crime. Men of the O'NEILL kind are leaders who would infallibly bring the noblest cause to shame and ruin.

HEAT-FOOD AND BUILDING-FOOD.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"In your issue of May 19 I find an article on 'Heat-Food and Building-Food,' to which I wish to take exception.

"The author asserts it as a fact that fat and oily food is necessary to a proper nourishment of the body, and that those who abstain from it are apt to have a flabby and blanched skin. PEREIRA, an eminent authority, says: 'Fixed oil or fat is more difficult of digestion, and more obnoxious to the stomach, than any other alimentary principle.' Is it possible for it to be 'very difficult of digestion' and so 'obnoxious,' and at the same time necessary and wholesome? Rather does not the experience of medical men (as well as our own instincts) teach us that that only is easily digestible which we relish? Comparatively few are fond of fat meat. We are speaking now of persons in good health, not of those who, in these days of dyspepsia, are subject to morbid appetites and depraved tastes. Dr. BEAUMONT, in his celebrated experiments on St. MARTIN, found the gastric juice very slow in its operation on fat, and that it (fat) generally retarded the process of chymification. It is well known to be the cause of boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin.

"It is also stated that 'laboring men require more nitrogenous food than those who lead an inactive life, for there is in them more repair necessary, and therefore more need of material for it. For this reason men that live almost wholly on such articles as potatoes or rice or plantains, which have comparatively little of the nitrogenous element in them, can not do or endure as much as those who have a proper mixture of meat and vegetables in their diet. So, also, a horse that is not worked will be in good condition living on hay and potatoes, but if he is worked he will lose flesh unless grain be made a part of his food.' I am unable to perceive what the last sentence has to do with eating meat. I rather think it is an argument against it. A number of instances can be cited to prove that hard-working men can subsist on vegetables alone with advantage. The mountaineers of the Tyrol may be named; and if the writer of 'Heat-Food,' etc., wishes to consult statistics, he will find not only that vegetarians are noted for longevity, but that they are able to endure much greater hardships and fatigue than flesh-eaters. Laboring men, who suffer more of the 'wear and tear' of life than those of sedantery occupations, require more 'repair,' or 'rebuilding,' and therefore more *nutriment.* Wheat and rice are among the most nutritious substances known, yet wheat contains but a little over two per cent. of nitrogen, and rice less than one. The poor Irish, who subsist almost entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race.

The animals we eat are, as a general thing, herbivorous. Those which live exclusively on vegetables, and whose flesh is formed of the proximate elements of those vegetables, are most relished and sought for among civilized nations. It follows, therefore, that we actually subsist indirectly on plants. Why not, then, eat these plants in a pure and primitive state, and (to say nothing of the demoralizing influence of butchering the poor beasts by whose help we obtain much of our food, and that save us an immense amount of hard labor, besides adding to our comfort and wealth in furnishing fleece for clothing and commerce) rid ourselves of the diseases and troubles arising from dieting on flesh meat, the purity of which is always more or less influenced by the state of the animal?

"Respectfully, VEGETARIAN."

The points brought out by "Vegetarian" are easily disposed of.

As to the digestion of fatty or oily substances, it has been discovered that this is not really done in the stomach. They are merely intimately mingled there with the other contents by the churning movements of the organ, and pass unaltered into the small intestine. Here by the action of the pancreatic juice, the change is produced in them which fits them to be absorbed by the lacteals, and to be poured into the blood; in other words, here they are digested. Speaking of digestion, then, as a process which is not limited to the stomach, we say, in opposition to what is quoted from PEREIRA and BEAUMONT, that fat is not difficult of digestion. The stomach, indeed, can not digest it; and the gastric juice, instead of being "very slow in its operation on fat," as BEAUMONT says, does not operate upon it at all, but the pancreatic juice does the work, and does it easily.

"Vegetarian" objects to enjoining the use of fat meat upon those who dislike it; that what is not relished is not easily digestible. It is indeed true that the relishing of food promotes its digestion; and yet one can generally learn to eat fat meat, even though the aversion to it be very decided. But if not, a due amount of butter may be eaten to make up for the deficiency. That a considerable proportion of oily food is necessary in some form is a settled fact. A wide observation teaches it. The instincts of men as to food show it. Nature demonstrates it in the butter that it furnishes in milk, that beautiful combination containing all the requisite elements of food. It is an error to say that fat "is well known to be the cause of boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin." An undue use of them may, it is true, sometimes produce these effects, but they come quite as often from other causes.

"Vegetarian," in thinking that what was said of the horse is an argument against eating meat, fails to perceive the point of the statement. The truth to be illustrated was that work, making wear and tear, called for a larger amount of building or nitrogenous food than was needed in the idle. And so we give to the working horse grain, which, being more nitrogenous than hay and potatoes, is to him what the nitrogenous meat is to man.

As to the statistics referred to as favoring vegetarianism, we do not believe that if fairly examined they will justify the conclusions claimed for them. We think that when good results have been ascertained to come from what is reputed to be a vegetable diet, it will be found that it was not strictly vegetable. One of the statements of "Vegetarian" shows a looseness on this very point. "The poor Irish," he says, "who subsist almost entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race." Is milk a vegetable article of diet? A similar mistake was once committed by a student, who, on going into the country, gave up meat, and on his return was quite loud in praise of vegetarianism, because he had gained so much flesh and strength. On inquiry it was found that milk had been the animal basis of his vegetable diet. The Irishman living almost exclusively on potatoes, or the Chinaman on rice, inevitably becomes pot-bellied and slender-limbed; but let him have in addition milk or any other articles furnishing a due proportion of both nitrogenous and oily food, and his abdomen will lessen and his limbs enlarge to their normal volume.

"Vegetarian" thinks that as the flesh we eat comes mostly from herbivorous animals, we had better eat the vegetables from which their flesh is formed rather than eat the flesh itself. The same reasoning would properly lead us a step farther, and prompt us to go to the source of the nutrition of the vegetables; or, in other words, to what they eat by their roots to make them grow, so that we should be dirt eaters instead of vegetable eaters. "Vegetarian" does not seem to recognize the order of nature in regard to nutrition. All nutriment comes at first from the mineral world, and plants are the means of transfer from minerals to animals. They gather up material from mineral substances, and put it into such forms as make it fit nutriment for animals. There are some animals that live on this vegetable food alone, and are called herbivorous; while others live on the vegetable-eating animals, and thus get their nutrition one remove farther from mother earth, and are called carnivorous. Others still eat both animal and vegetable food, and so are termed omnivorous. All animals but man are governed wholly by instinct in this matter. He is left to reason it out as well as he can, looking to the promptings of instinct, the adaptations of the digestive organs as compared with those of other animals, and the results of observation and experience. These all point to a mixed animal and vegetable diet, and not to that of the vegetarian.

HOME FOR SOLDIERS' ORPHANS AND WIDOWS.

GOVERNOR FLETCHER, of Missouri, and Dr. RICHARDSON, the State Surgeon-General, most warmly commend the project of the Home for Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, at St. Josephs, in that State. Missouri suffered sorely and peculiarly during the war, and the natural sympathy of other Union States has been expressed in many valuable and useful contributions. There is still room for more, and we are very confident that such a charity commends itself without special entreaty. Mr. GYLES, one of the trustees, is now in the city, at the Lafarge House, and will receive any contributions or give any information.

LITERARY.

"Armadale" is the title of WILKIE COLLINS'S new novel, just published by the HARPERS. The characteristics of the author are as pronounced and familiar as those of any living writer. He gives us always an elaborate and original plot, worked out by persons whose characters are analyzed with a delicacy of detail entirely unsurpassed. They reveal themselves wholly to the reader, who watches every motive and act as the student of physiology follows with intense interest the play of every part of the wonderful human frame. Or he puts a microscope under our eyes through which we watch with eager curiosity the exact structure of animalculæ which are interesting solely from the distinctness with which they are revealed. This patient and persistent detail makes every one of COLLINS'S novels seem like a *cause célèbre.* His books have the reality of exciting criminal trials, and there is perhaps no novelist who so plays with and prolongs the curiosity he excites. The depravity he delineates, as in the character of Miss Gwilt in "Armadale," is startling, but he vindicates its probability, and the reader emerges from the long and dark suspense of the story upon the cheerful conclusion as the traveler, after a stormy and exciting voyage at sea, sees the placid green shores of the sunny harbor awaiting him.

"The New York Social Science Review" is a quarterly journal of Sociology, Political Economy, and Statistics, edited by SIMON STERN and J. K. H. WILLCOX. It is a work of faith and enthusiasm, proposing, "without personal or partisan feelings, to examine by the light of science the political and social evolutions of the day." It will also reprint all important State documents of the current quarter. The last number contains a valuable International Almanac, and the "Review" will doubtless be a convenient and serviceable reference, as well as a stout advocate of scientific social progress.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 29:

In the Senate, the reconstruction resolutions were then taken up. The third clause, disfranchising the rebels till the year 1870, was stricken out by a unanimous vote.—The Railroad Bill was passed, 22 to 19. This bill provides that any railroad may carry all passengers, troops, mails, Government supplies, etc., from one State to another, providing that this act shall not affect any stipulation made between the Government and any railroad company now existing.

In the House, the new Freedmen's Bureau Bill was passed, 96 to 32.

May 31:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson, from the Committee of the two Houses on the death of General Scott, reported a resolution of respect and veneration for the memory of the deceased, and that a joint committee of seven Senators and nine Representatives be appointed to represent Congress at the funeral of the late Lieutenant-General. The resolution was adopted.—The Reconstruction resolution was taken up, the pending question being a substitute for Section 3, already stricken out. It does not restrict suffrage, but shuts off all those from holding a civil or military office, either under the United States or any State, who have broken their oath of allegiance to the United States, in being guilty of insurrection or in aiding the rebellion. Mr. Doolittle opposed the section. It was adopted by a vote of 32 to 10.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the House bill to facilitate commercial, postal, and military communication among the several States were taken from the Speaker's table and concurred in. The bill has, therefore, passed both Houses.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill to promote the construction of a line of railroad from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to Cleveland, Ohio. The bill was passed by a vote of 77 to 41.—The concurrent resolution providing for an adjournment until Monday, and for a deputation of Congress to attend the obsequies of General Scott, was agreed to unanimously.—The bill authorizing the construction of a railway between Washington and the Northwest was passed—yeas 65, nays 37.

CHOLERA IN QUARANTINE.

On the 29th of May the British steamship *Union,* from Liverpool, C. H. Palmer commanding, arrived at this port. She lost on the passage thirty, most of them by cholera. She had on board some fifteen cases, some of them very low. The number of passengers was 434. The next day the *Peruvian,* from Liverpool, arrived with 758 passengers, of whom 35 had died of cholera on the passage, 28 were on board sick.

The Board of Health, unable to obtain a lodgment for a hospital on Long Island or Staten Island, are anxious to make use of the west shore of Coney Island for this purpose.

Under date of June 2, Dr. Bissell, Deputy Health Officer, reported that 26 new cases of cholera had been received from the steamer *Peruvian* on board the hospital ships in the Lower Bay, and 12 deaths had occurred.

The Deputy Health Officer reports that "something must be done soon, or the mortality among the passengers of the *Peruvian* will exceed that of any vessel ever in this port." "The hospital," he adds, "is now much overcrowded. Every available space on the ship is occupied with dead and dying." The Quarantine officer on the *Falcon* writes: "The old *Falcon* is as full as she can be of the *worst cases of cholera* I ever saw in my life."

There are now *seven hundred persons* crowded together on these ships in our harbor, and the Health Officer states that some of them have very naturally attempted by force to break out from their floating *lazars*, and that a mutiny is liable to occur at any time. Dr. Swinburne publicly states to the Board of Health that if another ship with diseased passengers arrives he has not a place in which to put a patient!

THE FENIANS INVADE CANADA.

On the 1st of June a few hundred Fenians, of the Sweeny persuasion, crossed the border into Canada and captured Fort Erie—which is about as much of a fort as Fort Lee—a small village, located on the Niagara River, opposite Black Rock, three miles distant from Buffalo. A battle was fought at Ridgeway on the 2d. The Fenians found it impossible to hold their ground in Canada, and retreated to the United States border, where a large portion of them were captured by the United States boats guarding the river. Among those captured, it is said, are Colonel O'Neill—the leader of the invading force—with his staff.

NEWS ITEMS.

Colonel Jacques, of Illinois, having been tried on the indictment found against him in Kentucky for rape, has been triumphantly acquitted. None of the witnesses summoned on his behalf were examined, but the case was submitted on the testimony of the prosecution without a word of argument from the counsel for the defendant. The Indianapolis *Journal* says:

"The wretches who undertook to swear Colonel Jacques into the penitentiary succeeded in convincing the jury that they were a graceless pack of liars, and so completely demolished themselves that no testimony was needed on behalf of the accused. He was prepared to prove, by some of the best men in Illinois, that he was in that State at times when some of the witnesses testified to his presence in Louisville, and his participation in the alleged crime; and by others that he was in this city on a certain day in which it was sworn by a prosecuting witness he was in Louisville; but the proof was unnecessary.

The weekly report of Dr. Elisha Harris, Registrar of Vital Statistics, shows a total of 392 deaths in the city during the week ending on Saturday, the 26th ult. This number is less than on any previous week.

Generals Steedman and Fullerton, who have been investigating the management of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, will report favorably on Tillson's administration of affairs.

The returns of the West Virginia elections indicate a majority ranging from eight to twelve thousand for the amendment to the State Constitution. The text of the amendment is as follows: "No person who, since the 1st day of June, 1861, has given or shall give voluntary aid or assistance to the rebellion against the United States, shall be a citizen of this State, or be allowed to vote at any election held therein, unless he has volunteered into the military or naval service of the United States, and has been or shall be honorably discharged therefrom."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR ON THE PLATE.

IN March, after a delay of nearly ten months, active operations were again commenced. The allied fleet, composed of about thirty vessels, including four iron-clads, left its moorings at Corrientes, and proceeding up the river, anchored in two divisions opposite the Territory of the little Republic of Paraguay. The allied army, consisting of about 50,000 men of all arms, also advanced toward the western bank of the River Parana.

In an engagement with the fort at Itapirie, a Brazilian iron-clad, about the last of March, received a serious injury, and 34 men were put *hors du combat.*

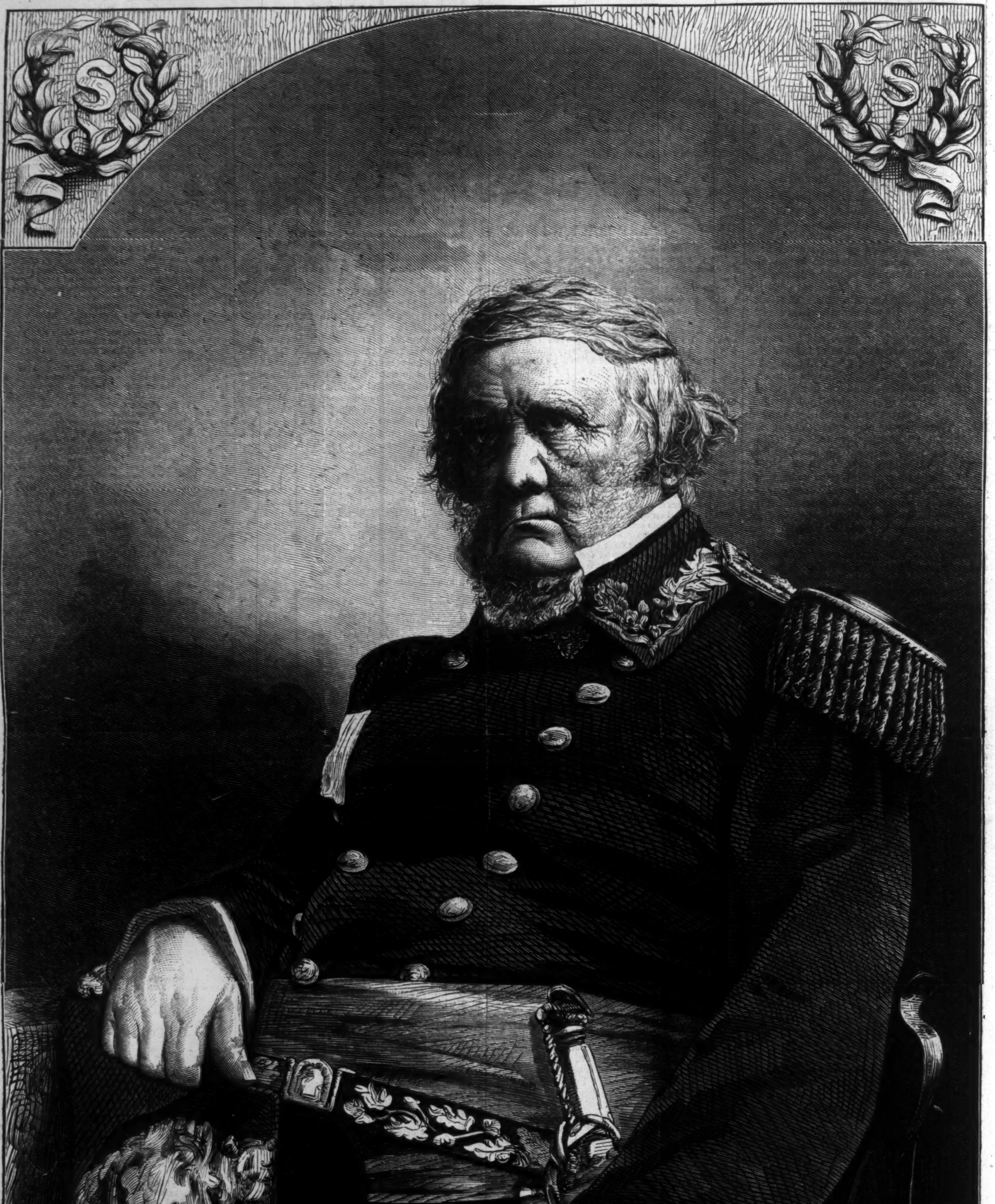
On the 10th of April the first battle was fought between Brazilian and Paraguayan soldiers. The Imperial forces alone having taken possession of a small island in front of Itapirie, and about half-way across the ford, the Paraguayans attempted to dislodge them, and having embarked a force of about 900 men in 50 canoes, paddled silently across the channel and landed a little before dawn close to a battery of nine rifled guns hastily erected by the Brazilians; the pickets, however, saw them in time, and having given the alarm, the garrison, consisting of nearly the same number of men as the enemy, were quickly formed in line of battle, and as the Paraguayans drew near the Brazilians poured a murderous volley into their ranks and following it up by a bayonet charge, drove them to the beach, killing over 600 (?) of them, taking 64 prisoners, 30 canoes, and 700 muskets. The Brazilian loss is reported at 43 killed and 106 wounded.

On April 17 another battle took place. The allied army, 10,000 strong, had invaded Paraguay. The Paraguayans attacked them with considerable bravery and great tenacity, as usual, but only brought 3500 men to the field, who were completely routed, losing two pieces of artillery, one flag, a great number of muskets, and about 400 men killed and wounded. The Brazilian loss was 40 killed and 120 wounded. Itapirie was then abandoned by the Paraguayans.

THE GERMAN QUARREL.

At the latest advices the German question was still unsettled, nor was any thing definite known concerning the proposed Congress. Meanwhile, peace demonstrations on a large scale were taking place in Prussia, and serious disturbances were reported, occasioned by calling out the reserves. In Italy the war spirit was enthusiastic and general. Volunteers were flocking by thousands to take their part in the war for the liberation of Venetia.

Notwithstanding recent rumors, the *Morning Post* says the marriage of Princess Helena with Prince Christian will take place on the 5th of July.



WINFIELD SCOTT.

SCOTT'S DEATH-BED.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST.]

ODE BY A BROOKLYNITE.

She came like a beautiful vision
  To brighten the night of my care,
Her dress was arranged with precision,
  In ringlets descended her hair.

In a stage on its way to the ferry
  We met, as is usual, by chance;
'Neath the spell of her glances my very
  Soul sank into amorous trance.

Alas! how by rude fate are banished
  Illusions we'd willingly nurse!
I started—my vision had vanished,
  And so had my watch and my purse.

IN DISGUISE.

"What's the matter with your hand, Cato?"

"Berry obligin' for massa to ask. Burnt um, Sah, totin a kettle o' cruller fat fer Dinah, but Miss Mira put some salve on it, done it a heap o' good. She's so berry kind to ebry body, is Miss Mira."

Yes, kind to every one but me. I thought that as I rode through the gate Cato held wide open, and, dismounting, flung him the reins; kind to the servants in the kitchen; the dog who came limping to the door; to beggar and wandering tramp; to guest, and kin, and stranger; to every body and every thing but me—to whom she should have been kindest of all; for I loved her, loved her as men love who only love once in their lives. Even then my heart was beating furiously to feel myself so near her. My step quickened, I flung the door wide open and strode in. I heard my aunt cry, "It's Paul!" I heard my uncle utter the same words pleasantly, and a furious, tumultuous barking and leaping told me that Nep had awakened from his nap upon the rug to greet his master. In a moment more the red light of the open fire had flashed upon me, and I grasped two plump old hands.

"Really we *were* anxious about you!" cried my aunt. "We expected you yesterday. How is your mother, and why didn't Nina come with you?"

Then, before I could answer, my uncle said, "Just in time for dinner, my boy. Let's talk it over at the table. Why, Mira, any one would fancy you did not see your cousin."

"I'm sure he's large enough," said Mira, counting her stitches as she sat at crochet work. "How are you, Paul? I told them you'd come back again, like a bad penny."

I nodded carelessly, and stooped to pat the fawning dog, begging mutely for a caress. Poor comfort it was, yet, after all, some little, to know that Mira never guessed how much I cared for her. I was as careless in my manner to her as she was to me. I imitated her as thoroughly as good-breeding would allow in one of my sex, and said again and again, "At least, I can take the secret to my grave with me. The girl shall not triumph, as she would, in my pain."

I had whistled Nep out of the room, and followed my old uncle to the dining-parlor. I suppose no one could have guessed that I was any thing but happy as I chatted of my journey and gave Nina's excuses for absence. "She is to be bridemaid for a friend," said I; "and there are dresses to be made, and I know not what to do, before the day arrives."

"Who is the bride?" asked my aunt.

"Lilla Newcome."

"And you the bridegroom, eh?" chirruped Mira.

"I?"

"Why, we heard you adored Lilla."

"I've always admired her."

"And she has jilted you?"

"Not so bad as that."

"Let me sympathize with you."

"Not at all; there are other pretty blondes in the world."

I said that because Mira was as dark as any Cuban.

"A blonde? Hear him, aunt. Had I yellow hair and blue eyes I'd have the grace to admire brunettes."

"We can't help our fancies," said I, who absolutely disliked light coloring.

"Of course not; now, if you were not fair."

"Well?"

"I'd tell you how I admire dark men."

"Don't stop for that. I shouldn't care."

Her black eyes danced. "You'll see my idea of perfection to-night," said she. "Captain Earnly."

"I *have* seen the gentleman."

"By-the-way, I promised to play something for him to-night," said Mira, "and if I don't practice I sha'n't be able to remember it. Excuse me, will you, good folks?" and away she tripped, leaving us in the midst of dessert.

Captain Earnly did call that evening, and she played for him, and sung with him. He told her stories of his prowess as a soldier, and she was wondrously interested. He mentioned his wounds, and she pitied him with voice and eyes. I thought him an affected coxcomb. She evidently considered him a hero of the first water.

I sat on the porch without the window, smoking and chatting with my uncle. Once or twice I thought of the Spartan boy's fox gnawing and tearing at his bosom. So my love tore me, and so I hid it—better to die of it than have it seen.

She was not my cousin by blood, that dark-eyed Mira—only my uncle's adopted child. No tie of relationship stood between us, for though cousins have wed I scarcely think they ever loved very truly. She was the very realization of my dream of girlish beauty. She was every thing I had ever hoped for; and when coming back from that long journey, in which I had well-nigh "put a girdle round about the world," I found her altered from a romping child to what she was. I knew my fate was sealed; and for a little while she had been so kind to me that I had been made a fool of.

It was very different now. She had bound up Cato's black hand. She sighed over the black-haired Captain's storied scratches. Yet six months before I had been wounded nearly unto death by an accident, and her first greeting on my convalescence was, "You careless wretch, the only wonder is you didn't manage to cut your arm *quite* off, and make a fright of yourself for life! I've no patience with people who can't look where they are going. You'll break your back yet, and end your days in a wheel chair."

"Let me keep the use of my feet at least, so long as I am to dwell within reach of your voice," said I; and we passed for a couple of uncourteous jesters.

Sometimes, in my character of cousin, I used to act as Mira's escort. Odd enough it was to see how tired she grew of me. How any stranger seemed better company than I. And some day, when she had been wooed and won, perhaps by the Captain bending over her at the piano, I should shake hands and utter some careless congratulation, and she would nod adieu to me, and we should part forever. Strange enough, all of it, when I remembered how I actually felt toward her.

The Captain was going. He had looked at his dainty watch. "Shocking to think how late it was—'How lightly falls the foot of Time that only treads on flowers!'" and, with a quotation and a bow and a glance at Mira, the room was empty of him. It was a relief to me.

Mira had reseated herself at the piano. I sauntered in and sat near her. "Will you sing something for me?" I asked. "This sweet old thing for instance?" and I tossed "Love Not" upon the piano.

"Sweet old things are tiresome, and *I* am tired," said Mira; and if she could have read my soul she could not have blushed more deeply. Perhaps she was thinking of the Captain.

"If you could only hear Nina's friend, Miss Deane, sing that," said I, affecting to yawn.

"Another blonde?"

"A lovely one."

"Ah!" and laughing she arose, and going out upon the porch gathered two or three rose-buds. Not because she wanted them, I think, but merely in an idle mood. As she passed me afterward one dropped from her bosom at my feet. I left it lying there, but came back with slippered feet an hour after to find it, and kiss it, and sleep with it against my heart. A silly, romantic thing for a man of thirty to do. Yet I did it nevertheless.

So ended my first evening at Oakdell. I had hoped for nothing else, yet always I felt a new pang. I wondered why I came there so often, as I looked at the summer sun rising over the distant hills next morning, and vowed, as I had vowed before, never to come again.

My uncle was busy with rod and line as I entered, and we were to pass a long, bright day beside the trout streams. At four Cato was to drive the ladies down, and we were to go home together in the carriage. Despite my resolution I found myself anxious for their coming as the day wore on, and when, with the sound of wheels, my uncle cried, "That's Mira's laugh!" my heart beat at the sound of the musical ripple, and I forgot the rod I held entirely. I can see it yet, the mountain stream spanned by a rustic bridge beyond the tiny waterfall, amber and green where it caught the sunlight. About us mighty trees, making a nook dusky and solemn as a Druid temple, and on the other side of the bridge a white road, winding ribbon-like away, up which the carriage came, whirled toward us by two ebon horses.

They had brought some one with them. A young farmer, bearish and gruff of voice. Certainly not my superior in any way. Yet how attentive Mira was to him! How pleasantly she listened to his account of his last fishing-excursion! When he called across to me:

"Had 'ny luck?"

She answered for me

"Of course not, cousin Paul never catches any thing or shoots any thing. Basket and game-bag are both inevitably empty."

"Haw, haw! Now that ain't true, is it?" roared the farmer.

"I sha'n't contradict a lady," said I.

"Wa'al *I* would if she said *that* to me," said the gentleman. "She couldn't though; I always *hev* luck. Haw, haw!"

I flushed scarlet. Certainly it is no crime to fail in catching a fish or shooting a bird; but no man likes to have his failings in these particulars remarked upon by a girl, who evidently despises him for them, in the hearing of a roaring lout who prides himself upon his skill, and that day my basket was empty indeed.

I flung my rod away in a few moments and wandered into the woods. Mira's laugh followed me for a long while. Now and then the coarse haw, haw! of her companion. Even to such a brute she was complacent. I ground my teeth and kicked innocent pebbles mercilessly, and was muttering savagely to myself when a jovial "Hallo, Paul!" fell upon my ear, and before me stood Ben Hillgrove. Black-eyed, merry, water-loving Ben, who seemed to be always in a boat, just going to step into a boat, or just stepped out of a boat, when he was not on board his yacht.

"I've been looking for you, Paul!" he cried. "Some of my college friends, the best fellows you ever met, are going out in the *Hetty Hillgrove* to-morrow; you must come with us. You sha'n't say no, as you always do. I'll not listen to it."

"I intend to say yes, and thank you," said I, quickly; and Ben tossed up his cap. I could have tossed mine also in my joy at being so readily provided with an excuse to run away from Mira, laughing at me with her boorish escort.

"We go on board to-night at nine, and have supper in the cabin," said Ben. "You'll be there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Good-by until that time, then," said Ben. "You know where she lies? I thought so. Don't fail," and he was off like a shot.

They were waiting for me when I returned to the river-side. Miss Mira and her escort chose to tease me about my long delay. It was all of a piece with the rest. I flung her back a retort that sounded merry enough, and climbed to a seat beside Cato. It was a pleasure to take the reins from his hands and drive the horses home at their full speed. The headlong race did me good. Once there I hastily repented Ben's invitation. "But you are not going?" said my aunt. "You've but just come to us."

"I can not refuse Ben this time," I said; "indeed I can not, aunt."

"Why should you, my boy?" asked my uncle.

"Why indeed, mamma?" said Mira. "Imagine the luxury of living a week in an atmosphere of smoke and whisky, afar from civilized society!"

"Pretty high parties some o' them yachtin' ones," said the farmer. "Every one to his taste, though."

"So," say I. "I leave you to keep each other company," I answered, and left Mira and her Orson together.

At nine I was as merry as the rest in Ben Hillgrove's pretty cabin over a supper that would not have disgraced Delmonico's.

At dawn the yacht was on her way, as graceful and fair a thing as sailed the waters.

Had we too much smoke and whisky aboard? Were Ben and his crew not after all the sailors they thought themselves? I can hardly answer. I was desperate with suppressed emotion, ready for any wild excitement. The rest were reckless, merry, high-living young fellows all of them. I only remember this positively. We had three days of calm, bright weather, then a storm began to gather: we went on deck to watch it, we admired the sky and sea, and rejoiced in the excitement of the tempest. We were at supper when it was at its worst that night. Later, every man save Ben and the sailors was in his berth.

I slept soundly. I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder.

"Who's that?" I cried.

"I, Ben. The *Hetty* is sinking, Paul! Can you swim?"

"Yes."

"So can every one on board. There's a chance for us. God grant no harm may come to you! It would seem my fault. I induced you to come."

The merry fellow was serious as a deacon now. I grasped his hand and went on deck; strange, startled faces that I hardly recognized looked pale in the flickering lantern light. One, a young fellow of twenty, stood close to me.

"I don't fear death, I hope," he said, turning to me. "I'm no more a coward than most men; but there's a girl at New Haven who'll take it hard, I'm afraid, if this is the last of me—and no boat *can* live in such a sea. I'd like to see her once again;" and his voice choked into a husky whisper and he turned away.

It gave me no comfort to know that Mira would not grieve for me.

We took to the boat in a blinding, howling tempest. Half an hour after the yacht went down. I remember nothing else.

"He's a comin' to."

"Lord be praised. I thought he was gone!"

"Be ye better, Mister?"

I opened my eyes. I was lying upon the sea-sand in the light of dawning day. Some roughly-clad, weather-beaten people were beside me. One held a flask of liquor to my mouth. I remembered all in an instant, and feebly gasped, "Where are the rest?"

"Your mates?" asked a man.

"Yes—my *friends*."

"Don't tell him," whispered a woman, and I knew the worst. An hour later I saw the three who had been tossed on shore with me lying decently cared for in a fisherman's shanty. Ben, with his black eyes closed forever. The youth who had spoken of his sweet-heart, and a young Virginian who had seemed the merriest of all. I am not ashamed to say I wept as I bent over them. Those about me, used as they were to the perils of the sea, seemed to feel grieved and horror-stricken.

"They're all so young, you see," sobbed an old woman—"mother's boys, no doubt, every one of them!"

And now, as I grew stronger, I felt it my duty to hasten back to Oakdell, bearing the sad news. A train passed through the village at noon, and I availed myself of it. The moon was rising when it stopped at the familiar station, and I started on foot for my uncle's home, wondering, if some survivors had not already brought the news, how I could break it to Ben's old mother.

The house was unusually dark as I approached: no light in the parlor, none in the library. The gloom which wrapped it told me that the news had come. As I opened the gate softly I heard Cato's voice.

"Yes, Dinah, it's true 'nuff. De gemplemen knows de oder boat went down. We sha'n't nebber see Massa Paul until we goes to Glory."

Then black Dinah sobbed.

"Missus takes it berry hard, don't she?" asked Cato.

"Gone to bed—won't eat nor nuffin'," said Dinah. "She lobed Massa Paul like her own son. Oh, dis is a dreful world, Cato!"

"Can't hab no idols, Dinah," said Cato, piously.

"Oh get out wid preachin'!" said Dinah. "'Pears you can't hab nuffin'. *I* wonders folks was born jes for trouble."

I stole past the kitchen window and into the house. All dark and silent on the lower floor. Only at the end of the hall, in a little room called mine, I saw the glimmer of a lamp. I went toward it. I pushed the door further ajar and looked in.

In the middle of the room, upon the floor, sat Mira. Nep stood beside her, and her face was hidden in his shaggy coat. Both arms were about his neck, and she was talking to him. I listened.

"Oh, Nep!" she sobbed. "It can't be true, can it? The blue eyes shut, and the fair hair all wet and dank at the bottom of the sea? The voice dumb, and the great heart still? It's a dream, Nep! He'll come back yet! It is a wicked lie, Nep!"

The dog gave a soft of low moan. I listened still. "Oh no!" I heard her say. "It's folly to hope. You are happier than I, Nep. He loved you and he cared nothing for me. He patted you on the head when you parted. He left me with a sneer. He didn't know I loved him as well as you, Nep, though not as humbly. Oh, Paul! Paul! can you be dead? You, my life, my love, my darling!"

She sprang to her feet, wringing her hands. I pushed the door wider. The creaking of the hinges startled her; she turned and screamed,

"Oh, Paul! Paul!"

Then the red blood rushed to her face, and her voice rang out,

"You? I thought it a ghost. So you are not drowned! Reserved for another fate which shall be nameless. I hope you are content, now you've nearly frightened mamma to death. Go and report yourself at once, Sir!"

Go? Nay, no place for me but at her feet. I knelt there humbly. I caught her hand, I kissed it. Her dark face grew proud and cold.

"You shall not pretend to hate me any longer," I said. "It is useless, Mira; I've been beside the door too long."

"And heard a little play acted for your benefit," she answered. "I heard you coming, and— Yes, Sir, I *did*—don't insult me by doubting that—"

She broke down and burst into tears. She struggled passionately, but I held her tight. Humbled by her humiliation, I told her all. My love, my longing, my pain at her coldness. The anguish the belief that she cared nothing for me had given me so long. And at last the struggle ceased, the head dropped low upon my shoulder, and I held Mira to my heart, and kissed her fondly, for she was mine, and I hers until death parted us.

Then she left me to break the news of my safe return to the old people.

Those who had been saved had told of the fate of the other boat, and there was no need of my telling the truth to Ben's mother. I had only to tell her where his body lay. Those were sad days for me despite my own happiness. But they passed, and were half-forgotten, as other woes may be so quickly, before, her bridemaid duties being over, Nina came to us from the city. She saw Mira and myself walking hand in hand and smiled. An hour after, when the girls had been shut up together in their room, she came to me.

"I'm so glad, Paul!" she said.

"Thank you, darling."

"It is most for Mira's sake. I knew she loved you, Paul."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No; *she* tell! I saw it."

"And never spoke to me?"

"Paul, one woman's secret should be holy to another, and I never guessed you loved her."

And so that girl of sixteen had read the heart of the other girl aright while it was a blank to me; and the two had kept the secret that was my very life from me, not guessing mine.

And seeing each other daily we had yet only looked upon masked faces, and, taking love for hate and pride for scorn, had worked ourselves much ill, and grieved when we might have joyed for all these days, and months, and years.

I thought of that when I next took Mira's hand in mine. I thought of it when I stood with her at the altar. I think of it often now, though I have called her wife so many years that, looking out upon the lawn, I see a younger Mira walking with her lover in the twilight—a Mira who calls my Mira "mother."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By Miss Anna Warner,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER V.

And so the bright morning hour crept on, and for a while nobody spoke. Mrs. May stitched swiftly and silently, a glance only at the children now and then telling where her thoughts were at work; and Clover, too, broke off her thread and passed it through the eye of her needle, and wrought at her overhand seam with noiseless, patient industry. As for Lily she had quitted the subject of seeds and gardens, with the difficult questions of hardy, half-hardy, and tender; and now gave all her attention to a fringe of long icicles that hung glittering in the sun from the top of the bow-window. The outer world was very bright that morning—clear, cold, and yet with a certain mingling of the softness of spring with the splendor of winter that was very charming. Chick-a-dees whisked about among the leafless branches in utter gayety and good-humor; hopeful song-sparrows turned up their long unused voices; and the gray cat on the fence watched them both, her teeth chattering with eager desire instead of the cold. Mat, the rough Skye terrier, was also out for an airing, and sat in very contemplative mood on the gravel-walk—perhaps musing what had become of the snow.

All this while little Primrose sat still, with her head against her mother's knee, and her eyes fixed on one particular half page of the Catalogue. At last, with a long breath, she looked up.

"Mamma, if *you'd* just tell me about the tender things, and the half-hardy things, and all that, I could understand it in a minute. But it puzzles me so!"

"You're to study the Catalogue, Prim," said Lily. "Mamma, only do just look at these icicles!"

"I've been studying the Catalogue," said Primrose; "and it says: 'Hardy annuals are those that may be sown very early in the spring in the open ground.' I think I understand that. And annuals flower the first season, and these other things—biennials—don't: I understand that too. But then why won't the half-hardy ones endure frost?"

"Pussy goes and sleeps all night in the barn," said Mrs. May; "could you keep warm there?"

"No indeed, mamma."

"And suppose your aunt Kate should put her canary out to roost with the chickens?"

"Why, I think it would freeze to death before morning," said Primrose.

"Yes, for it is tender; but the chickens are hardy. And Puss is hardy, and so is Mat. Look at him—a few minutes ago he lay here by the fire, and now he sits out there in the cold wind without even a sign of great-coat or mittens."

"Mat in mittens!" said Prim, with a laugh.

"But I think he has a great-coat—dear old Mat!" said Lily; "only it's more shaggy than any man's coat."

"It is just the same that he wore here by the fire," said Mrs. May. "But he is hardy—he can bear the cold."

"And we're half-hardy, and must be wrapped up," said Lily.

"Yes, and just so it is with plants. Some are perfectly hardy, and the frost can do them no harm."

"Those are the great strong plants, I suppose," said Lily—"the trees and bushes."

"Not always," said her mother. "Some trees will die in our Northern winter, while the little daffodil pushes its soft leaves right up through the frozen ground, in the midst of snow and ice and bitter winds. It is something in the nature of each plant, something derived from its native soil and air that makes it hardy, or half-hardy, or tender."

"What do you mean by its native soil, mamma?" said Clover, laying down her work. "Are plants of different nations too, like people?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. May; "and with strong national differences. Geraniums, for instance—the green-house pelargoniums, which we call geraniums—with their glowing colors and rich leaves, are native Africans; they grow in tropical heat, where long creeping vines make ladders up and down the cliffs for the wild monkeys."

"Geraniums and monkeys!" said Lily; "oh, splendid!"

"Mamma," cried little Primrose, "how lovely it must be!"

"Not very—the monkey part of it," said her mother, smiling. "For indeed they are many of them not true monkeys but large baboons—very ugly and very mischievous."

"How large, mamma?" said Lily, who had a great weakness for every thing like a monkey.

"Some as large as a mastiff, and much stronger—of a dark brown color, with black hands and feet, a violet-blue face, and gray whiskers."

"What objects!" said Lily, laughing.

"And the geraniums, mamma?" said Clover.

"They just help to set off the strangeness and ugliness of the monkeys. In the mountains about the Cape of Good Hope, among the heights and passes, the cliffs are covered with wild creepers; the long trailing stems and runners making a complete net-work. Not a net-work of bare stems, but all hung with rich foliage and brilliant flowers; and scattered here and there among them is a wilderness of geraniums and other superb tropical plants."

"What a nice time the baboons must have!" said little Primrose, giving a sigh to the geraniums.

"A very nice time! You can see them in troops of four or five hundred, sitting on the rocks, or climbing up and down the perpendicular cliffs by means of these 'monkeys' ladders' like so many boys in a wild school of gymnastics."

"And they're all 'tender,' I suppose," said Clover—"the geraniums and the monkeys and their ladders and all."

"All tender—not one could bear our winter climate; while, on the other hand, we and our violets and snow-drops could as little endure the fierce heat of South Africa."

"Then plants and animals are tender or hardy just according to the heat of the land they belong to," said Clover.

"Very much so. The cocoanut-tree and the palm will not grow here in the open air, nor our apples and cherries in South Africa or New Zealand. The parrots never come to our northern States, even in summer, while the little snow-bird wings its way to the very shores of the Arctic Sea and there builds its nest."

"How beautiful it is, mamma!" said Clover. "Hardy, half-hardy, and tender—the words have such a new meaning to me now. The birds that stay here all winter are hardy, and so are the evergreens, and the oaks, though they lose their leaves; and the roots of the grass, deep down in the ground. But my hyacinth beans will not bear a bit of cold, nor most of my other plants."

"Clover talks as if they were all growing already," said Lily, with a laugh. "But, after all, it's very interesting, of course, but I don't see what it has to do with our gardens, nor why Sam made such a fuss about our learning it."

"Oh, don't you?" said Clover, her eyes sparkling with pleasure and interest. "Why, Lily, we've got to *make* a climate for these tender things; it won't do to plant 'em right out in the cold ground."

"Make a climate!" said Lily, rather scornfully. "I should like to know how!"

"So should I, very much," said Clover; "but I suppose Sam can tell us."

"Well, I don't see the use of much fuss with our gardens, after all," said Lily. "I want just pleasure out of mine; and if I've got to learn first what the climate is, and then make it, for every thing, I might as well be at a geography lesson."

"Oh!" Clover exclaimed, but suddenly checked herself and went on with her sewing.

"I don't want to begin with it, any way," said Lily. "I'd rather take the fun first and the study afterward."

And silence came again, while the two needles made quick passes to and fro, and Lily watched her ice-fringe, now melting drop by drop.

"Mamma," said little Primrose, "how would you begin?"

"Begin what?"

"Our gardens, mamma."

"I suppose I should begin—as I do every thing—with asking God's help," said Mrs. May.

"Mamma, would you?" said Lily, from the window, while Clover again dropped her work. "About such little things?"

"Are they too small to need His help? I know no such things."

"But would he like to have children ask him about their gardens?" said Primrose, wonderingly.

"About any thing, dear, in which they wish for His blessing. Who can make the seeds grow? who can bring forth the flowers in their beauty?"

"And you were thinking of us, too, mamma, were you not?" said Clover, softly. "About *our* needing help?"

"Yes," said her mother, "for with every pleasure or sorrow, every success and every disappointment, some little opportunities for good, little temptations to evil; we may please God, or we may displease him. And even alone in our own little gardens of sweet flowers we have need to pray: 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'"

Mrs. May rose up and left the room, leaving the children to their thoughts.

"Temptations!" Lily repeated. "Well, I suppose I shall know 'em when they come, though I don't see where they're to come from. But I must look over my list again, to see if I want to make any changes. Let's have the Catalogue, Prim."

And the lists were made out that very evening, with some alterations, and sealed up ready for the post.

"You see I *had* to change some things, Sam," Lily explained; "for every time Jack sees me he calls out 'Snap-dragon! best and brightest varieties, mixed!' just as if he was a waiter on a steamboat. And I'm sick of the very name."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE lawyers of to-day seem not unlike those who flourished in the time of "rare Ben Jonson." For in one of his dramas he alludes to the "men of that large profession," as those

"Who could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet *all be law*."

Reasoning from analogy, we have no doubt that if a case were brought into court depending upon the important question "Is black white?" it would be clearly proved so to be by some skillful advocate, if not in Whately's most approved style of

"Black is a color;
White is a color; therefore,
Black is white;"

the point would be established in some other equally lucid manner.

The other day the captain of a certain vessel was arrested on the charge of having violated the new law for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The complainant stated that the captain had brought a cargo of turtles from Florida, and that the turtles were confined in a very cruel manner, "having holes bored through their flesh and cords run through to secure them." It was, however, currently reported "that the prisoner's counsel would move for a discharge of his client on the ground that turtles are not animals." Quite a brilliant idea is that! It would not be difficult to prove that statement from Worcester, who says that an animal is a "living, sensitive creature," etc. Now who is there who, in a pre-existent state, has *been* a turtle, and can upon oath affirm that a turtle is "*sensitive?*" It is perfectly plain that the thing can't be proved! Or, perhaps, a more conclusive argument might be, *à la* Whately:

Some animals are sagacious;
Turtles are not sagacious; therefore,
Turtles are not animals.

Seriously, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will soon have their hands full of business. People are beginning to realize that many things have hitherto been allowed altogether contrary to the law of humanity. Communications come in from various quarters, indicating that the public mind is waking up upon this subject. One unfolds the horrible torture that animals—helpless victims to the cause of science—receive at the hands of surgeons. Another protests against the cruelty of some individual who "made a horse trot twenty miles in 58 minutes and 25 seconds." Another still, pleads for the dogs who are ill-treated while being trained to perform tricks; and states a case of retributive justice, which, however, occurred not in America but in Switzerland. It appears that a man brutally beat a little dog which would not obey his order, and while doing so, one of his large dogs sprang forward, seized him by the throat, and bit him so severely that he died on the following day.

In due time we shall reap the benefit of all the efforts now being made, and eyes and ears be pained less frequently than they have been hitherto.

Many who had looked forward to a summer at Saratoga will deeply regret the loss of Congress Hall. There are indications that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Can not some of these wanton criminals, who are spreading destruction abroad, be brought to justice? There is little doubt but that the destruction of the Academy of Music has made somebody guilty of arson in the first degree.

A friend sends us the following "bit:"

"Not long since, while in the country, I met a lady who had recently visited New York, and was especially interested in the Central Park. After dilating for some time upon the various objects of interest within the Park, she inquired:

"'Do you know what *Hiller* is buried there?'

"Unwilling to hurt the good woman's feelings, and yet puzzled how to reply, I hesitated; but was relieved by her saying:

"'The name was S. C. Hiller, and I thought perhaps he might be a relative of the *Hillers* in this vicinity.'

"The bust of *Schiller* had attracted her attention, but she read the name after a fashion of her own."

A somewhat similar mistake was made by a lady, who after examining the statue of the "White Captive," and scrutinizing the artist's name—"Palmer, Sc."—which was engraved in one corner, remarked:

"So Palmer is a Southerner!"

"Oh no," said a friend, "he is from Albany."

"But don't you see his name, Palmer, S. C., *South Carolina!*"

The following carries a *moral* with it:

"A married officer, on arriving at the Curragh, whither he had been ordered to join his regiment, wrote to his wife that he had 'formed a connection with a very agreeable mess, and expected to spend the summer very pleasantly.' Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of his good lady, he inadvertently dotted the letter e in the word mess."

The moral is, *mind your dots in writing*. Some other things should be minded at the same time also, as is indicated by this notice which we clip from a city newspaper:

"If the gentleman who keeps a store in Cedar Street with a red head, will return the umbrella he borrowed from a lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Lastly, it is not amiss to cross one's "*t's*" in writing, else mistakes may occur, as in the case of the merchant who wrote to his agent, who was cruising around the coast of Africa, to send him *two monkeys*. Now the merchant was somewhat deficient in orthography, so he spelled two, "*too*:" and as he omitted to cross his "t," the agent, with some surprise, read the order, "100 *monkeys!*" At length one of the merchant's vessels came into port—the deck, masts, and rigging all alive with grinning faces. The puzzled merchant read the agent's letter with a still more puzzled brain:

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of March 10 received. I send fifty monkeys. Have found it very difficult to procure so large a number. Will endeavor to fill out the balance of your order, and forward by next ship.

"Yours truly, JOHN SMITH."

Celebrated people, especially poets, often suffer strange penalties as the price of their popularity. In the "Life Letters" of Mrs. Sigourney she speaks of the innumerable "*requests*" that came to her, and gives some quotations from a record that she attempted to keep for a while. The following are a sample:

"A funeral hymn for a minister when he should die, he being now well and preaching as usual."

"The owner of a canary-bird, which had accidentally been starved to death, wishes some elegiac verses."

"To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on a 'pain in the back of the neck.'"

"To prepare the memoir of a colored preacher, of whose character and existence I was ignorant."

"Desired to assist a servant-man, not very well able to read, in getting his Sunday-school lessons, and to 'write out all the answers for him, clear through the book, to save his time.'"

"A monody for the loss of a second wife, fortified by the argument that I had composed one at the death of the first."

A Portland (Maine) paper says that a patent has been secured by a gentleman in that vicinity which will make a complete revolution in applying buttons to garments. By this invention buttons can be attached to any part of wearing apparel without the use of thread. The invention consists solely in making the button with a spiral wire to be inserted into the cloth like a cork-screw, and then pressed down flat so as to form a ring to hold the button in place.

A sad story was whispered in Paris not long ago. M. Moller, a Danish poet, who had lived for the last fifteen years in Paris, died suddenly at Rouen. He was poor; he had ruined his eyes reading by the gas-lights of the cafés, and writing in his chamber by candle-light, and was ordered to Normandy to rest and to breathe the country air. He was arrested in Rouen as a lunatic, and sent to a mad-house, where he died in two or three days, it is believed here, as much from loss of liberty as from any thing else.

In regard to summer fashions there is no lack of styles novel and tasteful. For the benefit of those who are preparing for the country, we would say that toilets intended for country and sea-side wear, in fact all those which are made short, are covered with embroidery, or else they are ornamented with cashmere braid. Very few dress-makers now make a separate petticoat with these costumes; they rather add round the lower half of the skirt a band, which simulates a petticoat. The skirt is cut out round the edge either in vandykes, scollops, or turrets, and these are ornamented with Mexican embroidery, executed in either gold-colored or scarlet silk. On the band of what forms the petticoat, and above the hem, there are two rows of black ribbon-velvet, and between these there is a single row of Mexican embroidery, to correspond with the skirt.

The narrow cashmere braids are found to be so effective that they are used in great profusion as trimmings. They harmonize particularly well with white, black, and blue. They are much admired for ornamenting black silk dresses which are worn over blue silk petticoats. The braid is arranged in graceful designs on the bodice, sleeves, and Senorita jacket, which accompany the black silk skirt. These braids are also sewn in straight lines down every pleat of the Garibaldi bodice or *chimeses russes*. Another popular and rather original manner of using them is to trim the cashmere straps which are now used for looping up silk skirts. These are, of course, neither so elegant nor so tasteful as the bands of Algerian and Oriental embroidery which are used for the same purpose; but then, on the other hand, they are not nearly so costly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AS THE SUMMER ADVANCES WATERFALLS BEGIN TO DROP OFF.

An excited father called in great haste on Dr. Abernethy and exclaimed, in an excited manner: "Doctor! Doctor! my boy has swallowed a mouse!" "Then go home," quietly replied the Doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat!"

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

What sort of a figure does Mary cut when she has left the room?—A polly-gone.

How can you describe the cordage of a vessel which has run ashore and broken up?—By a wreck-tangle.

Why should a four-decker, pierced for only a couple of cannon on each side, be built with ten angles?—Because it's a deck-a-gun."

What is higher and handsomer when the head is off?—A pillow.

A LEGAL POINT.—A correspondent wishes to know whether an action for divorce on the ground of desertion will lie against a "ship's husband" for pitching her over.

A Sunday-school teacher was relating to her class of boys, graphically and of course in the gravest manner possible, the ancient Bible incident which speaks of Joseph's going out in a chariot to meet his father Jacob, when she was interrupted by the following abrupt remark: "Ump! Joseph thought he was 'some punkins,' didn't he, riding in a chariot to meet his dad!"

A PARADOX.

As William drew his Susan near
He whispered to his bride:
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
To live by *Sucy's side*."

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I can not imagine where." "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

Prussia was a robber,
Austria was a thief;
Prussia and Austria
Stole a Danish fief.

Prussia said to Austria,
"Leave the swag alone."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you drop your bone."

Prussia said to Austria,
"You don't mean to go?"
Austria said to Prussia,
Out of Holstein? No."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Wherefore do you arm?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Of *you* in alarm."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I don't mean to fight."
Austria said to Prussia,
"*My* intention quite."

Prussia said to Austria,
"'Drop your warlike game."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you do the same."

Prussia said to Austria,
"What's the end to be?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Hit me, and you'll see."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Come, this brag won't do."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Sir, the same to you."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I'll the Diet try.",
Austria said to Prussia,
"Thank you, so will I."

A JOKE THAT IS-RAELY GOOD.—What is the difference between the Hebrew idea of a slave and the modern notion of a wash-hand stand?—The former is stated to be "a hewer of wood and drawer of water," while the latter is "a drawer of wood and ewer of water."

CULINARY MAXIMS.

To secure light bread—put your flour into the hands of a grocer, and it will be sure to *rise*.

Ice-cream should be baked in a quick oven.

Domestic "broils" should be avoided.

Don't eat soup with a fork.

Potatoes should come to the table with their jackets off—being an exception to the general rule of etiquette.

A darkey who was sent to jail for marrying two wives excuses himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

A fellow out West being asked whether the liquor he was drinking was a good article, replied: "Wa'al, I don't know; I guess so. There is only one queer thing about it: whenever I wipe my mouth I burn a hole in my shirt."

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets the shorter her horns become.

A wag having married a girl named Church, says he has experienced more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

"You are a nuisance; I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

Time is said to be money. Certainly; not a few use it in paying their debts!

A clergyman lately addressed his female auditory as follows: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread all the sooner."

A pin has as much head as a good many authors, and a great deal more point.

Many a sweet-fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

A wicked editor says that at a church some people clasp their hands so closely in prayer that they are unable to get them open when the contribution box comes around.

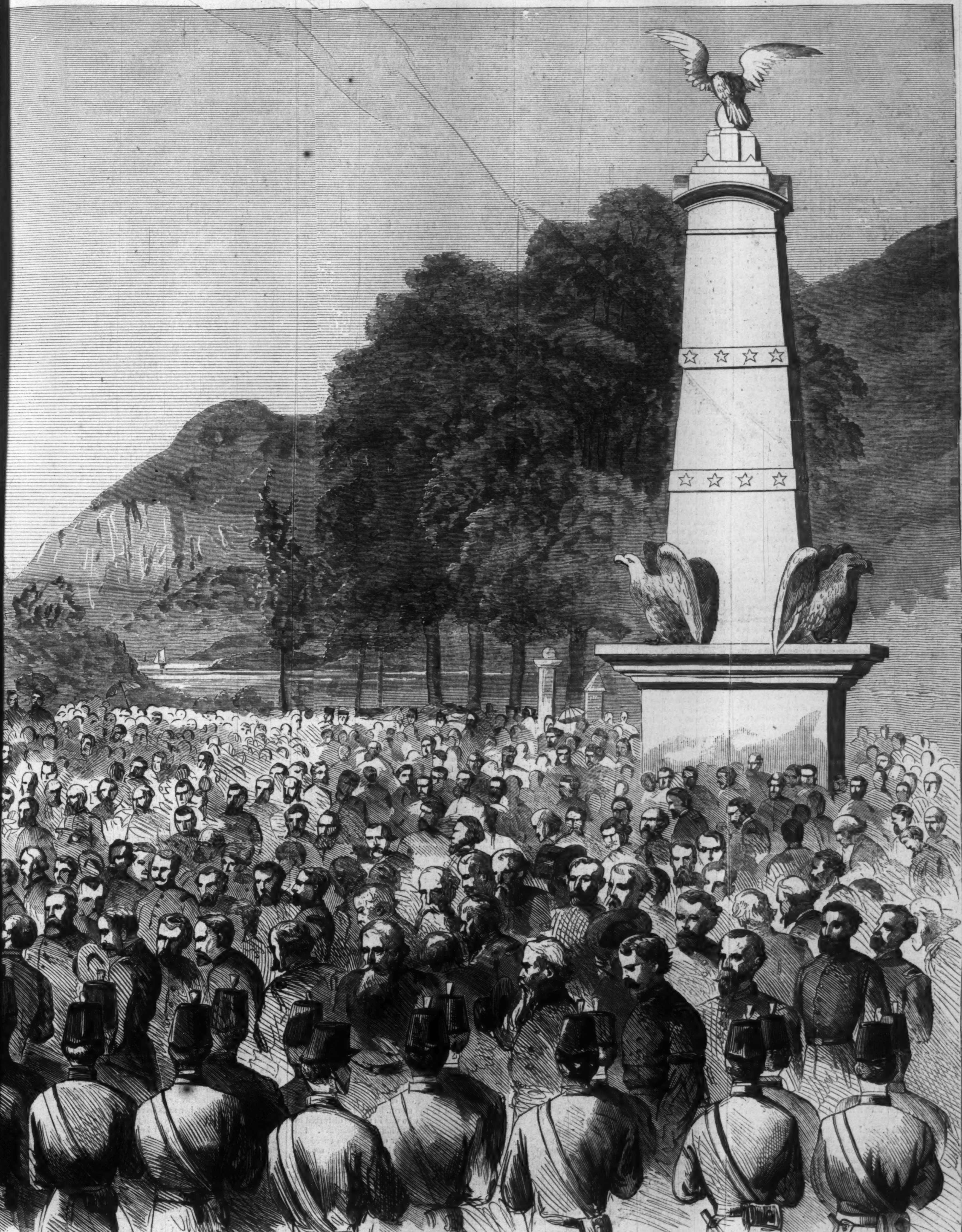
BURIAL OF SCOTT.

BREVET LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT was on the 1st instant interred in the West Point Cemetery, on the banks of the Hudson. It had been the General's intention to spend the summer at COZZENS'S Hotel, according to his custom. The very day he died preparations were being made for his removal to this house, which had been his home for many years. He died, however, at ROE'S Hotel, and here his body lay in state until the funeral, which took place in the Post Chapel.

In the morning the body was taken to the chapel, across the West Point parade, without any other retinue than the guard of honor and a dozen soldiers. The chapel within and without was deeply draped in black. The coffin, which was elevated upon a platform, was of mahogany. It had on either side three silver handles, a rim of silver borders on the covers, and was lined with satin; a silver plate over the breast was circled with a laurel wreath, while the stars of his country's flag were wrapped about the body of the chieftain. The people were then admitted to see the body. Among those who entered for this purpose were several old soldiers who had fought under SCOTT years and years ago, and who were moved to tears. This was the single touching picture connected with a funeral otherwise cold and formal.

The funeral services in the chapel, which were those usual in Episcopal burial, were held at noon. There were present at the ceremony our most prominent military characters, Lieutenant-General GRANT, Generals MEADE, HOWARD, SCHOFIELD, THOMAS, Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT, Captain WORDEN, and others. A Congressional delegation was present, among whom were Vice-President FOSTER, and Speaker COLFAX. FARRAGUT, PALMER, and RINGGOLD, of the Navy, and Generals CULLUM, TOWNSEND, SANFORD, VAN VLIET, DELAFIELD, and MEIGS, of the army, officiated as pall-bearers. On the completion of the exercises in the chapel the procession moved to the cemetery under the direction of General MEADE. Commencing at sunrise, minute-guns were fired from *Battery Knox* until after the interment had taken place. On other pages of our paper will be found an extended sketch of Lieutenant-General SCOTT'S career, with illustrations of his campaigns and of his funeral.

BURIAL OF SCOTT—SERICES AT



E GRAVE, IN WEST POINT CEMETERY.

"SHALL WE MEET THEM ALL THERE?"

As we raise up our eyes to yon azure expanse,
Where the great source of light sheds its beams and its heat,
Or, dimmed by the fast-fleeting clouds which enhance
The returning of what we so cheerfully greet;
A "mystical tie" seems to lead us aloft,
And our spirit, withdrawn, flies upward to where
With deep, melting thoughts, hearts mournful and soft,
We anxiously ask, "Shall we meet them all there?"

'Tis my Father revered for the care which he gave
To my earlier days when my thoughts were so wild;
When I took little note of the future to save
The fast-gliding hours which were spent as a child.
With a deep, anxious look from his oft chiding eye,
He would tell me, "Dear boy, you will soon be a man.
I shall soon leave you here—I also must die,
Pray think of my words, and so learn while you can."

'Tis my *Mother* beloved—can I add to that name?
Beloved—it scarce tells all I feel in my heart!
Could I see her once more—she still be the same
As in childhood I knew her—then with her depart!
Ah! that dear mother's face is still fresh in my sight,
Though her spirit is veiled from my weak, mortal eyes;
And I feel that the beams of yon heavenly light
Are a pathway which leads me to her in the skies.

'Tis my Sister, long since laid in peace by her side;
And oft as my thoughts wander back to that hour,
I remember her then—both the joy and the pride
Of our home, of our parents—a fresh-budding flower.
Still a child, without knowing the wiles of this life,
She was taken away to the far Spirit-land,
Where innocence reigns, free from sinning or strife,
To be one of the pure in that heavenly band.

'Tis my Brother, the eldest—the hopes of our home,
Grown up to his prime, with a proud, noble heart;
We bade him farewell when his comrades all came,
And the sound of the drum bade our sorrows depart.
But he lies far away on the side of the hill,
Where they hastily hid his remains from their foes;
Though so dear to me now is the grave which they fill,
Still I wish they were here, where our own willow grows.

'Tis a beautiful world—notwithstanding the grief
Which commingles so much in the joys of this life;
And it tells us that these are but passing and brief,
While the pleasures to come know no sorrow nor strife.
There's another, beyond us, around us, above,
Where Death never enters—there's nothing to fear;
Where that "mystical tie" will e'er bind us in love,
And we anxiously ask—"Shall we meet them all there?"

CONSTANTINOPLE, *February* 17, 1866. J. P. B.

HOME FROM THE SEA.

I.

IN the second quarter of the eighteenth century Jotham Beverly resided on Nantucket Island, within a stone's-throw of the present village of Siasconset, and barely a mile from the ruined light-house on Beverly beach. At that time the inhabitants of the island were very few—numbering only a few hundred, and they were even more rude and hardy than they are at the present time. At the date of the commencement of my story the Indians, it is true, had deserted this their ancient fishing-station; but the markets for their white successors were far away, the sperm-trade was yet in its infancy—or, at least, in its early youth—the sterile soil gave response to the importunities of the husbandman only after long and patient toil; and, in fact, the inhabitants of Nantucket—all pursuing the fisheries for a livelihood—were the rudest and most primitive of Puritans.

But comparative good fortune always seemed to attend Jotham Beverly. He was a tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired, grasping Scotchman, good-hearted withal, and apparently with as much early Yankee goaheadativeness in his little finger as was contained in all of the heads of the little colony put together. Jotham's family consisted of three—his wife Margaret, his daughter Jean, and himself.

When Jotham was about forty years of age, and had lived on the island for a number of years, he conceived the project, the completion of which was the great ambition of his after-life. This project was the building of a light-house. The whale-fisheries of Nantucket already had become somewhat important. Upward of fifty whale-ships were owned by the islanders, and the principal port had become a rendezvous for vessels in the same trade from many sea-ports of the coast. Of course, the perilous nature of Nantucket shoals—to this day so carefully avoided and so frequently the cause of wreck—were even more to be dreaded in that early day, when the science of navigation was comparatively crude.

Jotham had always been a man of action. When his project was thoroughly conceived he was restless until he started the work. Obtaining some legislative recognition and a little—very little—pecuniary assistance from the colonial government, he slowly procured the necessary tools and appliances, employed a band of laborers—many of the latter being negro slaves and Indian squaws from the main land, and, with little delay, instituted his favorite scheme.

Jotham's daughter Jean was acknowledged by all to be the sweetest and the fairest girl in all Nantucket. Certainly not one of the young fishermen ever saw little Jean trip up the hills to look out for her father's incoming sails, or saunter through the cabin garden-patch, while her mother sat spinning in the sunlight by the door, without a certain longing, and a certain faint visioning of a happy home, with a bright wife to make it cheerful within.

Jean had many lovers too. Strange to say, the most favored appeared to be a great, hulking, awkward young fellow whose name was Andrew Graef, whose mother bore the unenviable suspicion of being a witch, and whose fishing-craft usually met with the very worst of bad luck. Jean was an unconscionable little flirt. Like most pretty girls, she was fully conscious of her beauty, and, like very many of them, the admiration of her charms made her insufferably vain.

But awkward, hulking Andy Graef seemed to have found the secret to her esteem, while his handsomer compeers were compelled to be satisfied with her scorn. True, she even abused Andy shamefully. Her lover at one time risked his neck to pluck for her a wall-flower from the face of a precipitous crag, and then had the little wildling torn to pieces and thrown into his face for his pains. At another time, Miss Jean lost her amber necklace in the Devil's Griddle—a dangerous eddy that swirled between two of the inner reefs—and Andy, recovering the keepsake, and narrowly escaping drowning at the same time, was rewarded by a heartless laugh and a stinging box on the ear, because one of the miserable beads had become disengaged and irretrievably lost.

But in spite of these and a hundred similar instances of ingratitude, hulking Andy followed his sweet-heart like a great burly animal, happy enough if a little smile would reward him for days of indifference. It was, perhaps, this blind and utter devotion upon his part that mostly won upon the girl. There was more besides, however. For she was not so vain as not to know and admire the honesty and goodness of her uncouth lover's nature; and his utter contempt for death, when his services were enlisted in her behalf, was also a qualification which she must needs respect.

And so the monotony of that humble island life ebbed on in peaceful contentment, while Jotham Beverly, with his workmen and workwomen, and his derricks and mortar, went on with the rearing of his light-house. It arose but slowly. When the ice and frosts of the severe autumn put an end to the work for that season only about twenty feet of the rude but stanch tower were complete. Nevertheless old Jotham was pretty well satisfied. From the small front lattice of his cabin he could see the round, dark structure stand high up on the bar, with the wintry sea frothing and leaping madly, but vainly, at its rocky feet. All through the long winter he would sit at that lattice, looking over the inner bight, smoking his pipe thoughtfully, and examining the tower with a critical and loving eye.

When spring returned old Beverly had his laborers at work again as early as the weather would permit, and slowly, little by little, foot by foot the round, rough tower began to grow into the air.

About this time there came to Nantucket from Boston a young sea-farer who was known by the name of Seagrave. He commanded a strange craft. Seldom before had such a vessel floated in the roomy harbor of Nantucket. Unlike the clumsy whalers which frequented those waters, the *Raven*, as this vessel was called, was a model of symmetry and beauty. She was a three-masted schooner, rakishly built, and very low in the water, with her hull painted black, and a huge object, concealed by tarpaulins, on the after-deck, which might have been a gun, or something else. The crew of the stranger were also very different from the greasy whalers and coarse fishermen who hailed from the island. They were better-dressed, sprightlier sailors, and were also nearly all distinguished by wearing weapons in their belts. Seagrave himself was a great improvement on the average of the Nantucket skippers. He showed considerable refinement; his voice was sweet and gentle, and his language well chosen. He was also young, brave, and handsome; there was something almost princely about him in the eyes of these simple fishermen; and in the eyes of giddy Jean Beverly he was every thing that her fancy had conceived of all that was noble and romantic.

The strangers were evidently starting upon a long voyage, and their ostensible object in stopping at Nantucket was to make some additions to their stock of water. But they lingered much longer than was necessary for this simple purpose; the gentlemanly skipper was frequently on shore, and there were sly hints that he found a much pleasanter attraction there than the clear fountains of the island.

But old Beverly could not bring himself to like Seagrave. He could not be blind to the fact that his daughter Jean was apparently fascinated, though the stranger skipper seemed to always treat her with merely commonplace politeness. Poor Andy Graef now saw himself completely deserted by Jean, and he also, and very naturally, eyed the stranger with black mistrust. Then, as it soon transpired that the *Raven* was nothing less than a slaver, this fact increased the old man's distrust, and indeed brought the rakish schooner's crew into general disrepute among the islanders, with a majority of whom the slave-trade, though then so commonly pursued, was held in great abhorrence.

There was, however, that about Seagrave which could scarcely be resisted by a simple man like old Jotham. His manner and address were of that world-wide, cosmopolitan order which simple and lowly people can only combat with the utmost difficulty. And even before Beverly was precisely aware of any intimacy existing between the stranger and his own household, Seagrave had become a frequent visitor at the Beverly cabin, and a frequent partaker of its frugal hospitalities. There was something about this man that was strangely engaging to every one. Though still young his features bore the impress of a long, wild life by sea and shore, and the expression of his dark eyes was frequently of a hard, pitiless cast, which was something remarkable in one so young. Yet his voice was soft and musical as that of a woman. His deportment was mostly that which is the result of instinctive refinement; and his language very seldom merged into the careless idiom of the sea-farer.

But upon no one did the spell of the stranger fall so strongly as upon pretty Jean Beverly. She beheld and listened to him with silent admiration. Here at last was the hero of her dreams before her—not in the coarse-garb and with the ungainly gait of her fisher lovers, but in all the romance of adventure and ocean chivalry, and draped in the additional attraction of a mysterious past, which must have been spent among scenes even wilder and more romantic than his stories hinted of.

Poor Andy would still at times steal in upon the Beverlys in the evenings, and be permitted to watch the effect of Seagrave on Miss Jean, as the ocean-wanderer would recount the adventures of the past, the great deeds yet to be done, the gold and glory to be won on remote seas, and the fascinations of a rover's life. It galled him to the quick to perceive the extent of the influence exercised by Seagrave over Jean; for he perhaps saw more of it than her own parents.

One tempestuous night they were all sitting cozily about the fireside of Beverly's cottage. The hoarse cries of the breakers on the near beach were plainly heard in the cabin, though the fire blazed cheerfully—for the spring was still chilly with bleak winds—and all parties (except Andy) were in a pleasant mood of mind, just after finishing one of Dame Margaret's hearty suppers.

Jotham had been on the reef all day, and was now smoking his pipe in a contented frame; Seagrave had just finished a humorous sketch of tropical travel, and was merrily engaged in cutting from an old newspaper grotesque figures, with a pair of shears, for Jean's especial entertainment; Margaret was spinning; and Andy was glumly toasting his knees at the fire, without vouchsafing a word, but keeping his ears inordinately distended.

The self-satisfaction of old Beverly at last broke the brief silence which had fallen upon the party, though he rather addressed the raging elements without than any one in the company.

"Yes, ye may howl and beat and slash yourselves against the rocks of auld Nantucket, but ye'll naur disturb the basements of auld Beverly's tower. Wait till she's full-grown, my roarin' hearties—wait till her bonny lamp makes daylight through the tempest and the night, and the merry sailors will laugh at your terrors!"

Having delivered himself of this exalting apostrophe, Jotham settled himself down again, with two or three self-satisfied whiffs at his pipe, and a slow, benignant glance upon the company, as though to convey in its full force the prospective benevolence which the Beverly Light-house was to convey upon the world.

"You will indeed send gladness to many a gallant heart, Squire Beverly, when you have perfected your noble project," said Seagrave, who always called the old man "Squire," and made a rule of continually cherishing his vanity.

"Father," said Jean, very thoughtfully, "suppose I should be spirited away over the sea, would you still work at your light-house?"

She said this so earnestly that every one was surprised.

"S'death, bairn! who in the deil's name *would* spirit you away ower the brine?"

"I didn't say any one would, you silly, darling old man," she replied, merrily; "but *suppose* they would. Suppose the Good People would, for instance?"

("Or the Bad People," grumbled Andy Graef, in a scarcely audible tone.)

"Well, child," responded the old fisherman, gayly falling in with the merry mood of his daughter, "rest assured that, whatever happens, the work o' the light-house will go on, whatever betides. And even if you should be carried ower the sea this very night, I pray that the first gleam o' the new signal will light ye home once more!"

"Amen!" said Andy Graef, in a sepulchral tone; while the rest, including Seagrave, laughed quite heartily at the old man's apt reply.

But before that reply was quite concluded the door was suddenly opened, and in walked Andy's mother, the Widow Graef, who, in spite of her poverty and her reputation as a witch, was always sure of a welcome at the broad hearth of the light-house builder. She was an old, withered, and exceedingly miserable-looking woman, and her tattered plaid cloak was now dripping from the tempest. Andy cast a deprecating, apologetic glance around, as he almost always did when his mother appeared, for her temper was a bad one, and she seldom spoke well of any one.

But Widow Graef was not to be appeased. She had caught the last portion of Jotham's speech, and now answered it, standing, as she spoke, in the centre of the room, and assuming a prophetic attitude.

"There may be more meaning in your words than you ken at the present time, Jotham Beverly," said she, with a shrewd and knowing look from her twinkling gray eyes. "I was bred in the same parish as yoursel', Jotham, an' mind my words, when your silly child *is* spirited away, her return will be signaled by the first glint of your light-house—and return she will not till then. They tell ye I'm a witch," she continued, with an evil and lowering look at Seagrave, and indicating him by a motion of her skinny finger; "well, take a witch's advice, an' bewaur o' that man! He has the deil in his eye, an' there's little guid to the house that fosters him!"

Seagrave only laughed.

"Tush, tush, granny!" said Jotham; "you're never quiet with speaking ill o' your neighbors!"

"Bewaur o' him, I say! an' keep your eye on your chickens, or the hawk will swoop and grip his prey!" cried Granny Graef, with passionate emphasis. "An' mark my words, when your uncanny bairn is spirited away, the first glint o' your light-house, an' that alone, will signal her Home from the Sea!"

"Come home, Andy!" she cried, fiercely, at the same time seizing her son by the arm. "Wand ye wait here to see your white dove kissing the talons that's thirstin' for its bluid? Come home, darling, and let the foolish bird go flying to her fate!"

With this she pulled hulking Andy, always submissive in her grasp, out of the room, and together they vanished in the storm. The only one of the remaining company who was in nowise disturbed by the language of the old woman was Seagrave. She reminded him of a number of humorous anecdotes, the recital of which, in his inimitable way, soon restored every one to their accustomed good-humor, and the old lady and her prophecies were soon forgotten.

As the night was drawing on late, Seagrave, enveloped in his rough great-coat, took his departure for his vessel—making light of the five miles over the soft, sandy road, and steadfastly refusing to stay all night.

On the next morning (still stormy, for it was the equinox) the good fishermen of the port of Nantucket missed the rakish form of the slaver-craft from their harbor, and at the same time Jotham Beverly missed the form of his giddy daughter Jean. Jean Beverly had indeed been spirited away over the sea by Seagrave the rover.

II.

NEARLY two years had passed away, and the coveted scheme of Jotham Beverly was almost completed. It was early spring, and Jotham, sitting at the seaward-looking lattice of his cabin, glumly smoking his pipe, could see his round, rough tower rising symmetrically and to the height of over one hundred feet above the reef, the summit almost ready for the reception of the monster lantern, which, through the aid of the colonial government, he had been already able to secure from the old country.

At last the huge lantern was securely mounted, and, at the close of a bright but blustering May day, old Jotham, accompanied by Andy Graef, mounted the winding stairway of the tower to attend to the arranging of the great wicks in the crystal dome. Lime lights and calcium signals were then unknown. Huge flarers, drawing their inspiration from whale blubber, alone served to light the tempest-tossed over treacherous rock and deceitful sand.

The first illumination of Beverly Light-house was an event among the good people of Nantucket as important as the first illumination of a great city by gas. The fishermen assembled on the beach from all portions of the island, accompanied by their wives and children—many of the families bringing their evening meals with them, so as not to miss, on any account, the unprecedented spectacle.

The sun was setting in a heap of thunder-cloud as Jotham and Andy moved fitfully among the rows of wicks, trimming them carefully, and old Beverly especially eying every thing with almost fatherly love and tenderness.

He paused at one of the sides of the glass cupola and looked down upon the rude spectators, huddling together far below on the sands.

"Yes, yes," he soliloquized, with moody satisfaction in his tones, "ye can coom now and view my triumph, when ye snickered lang eno' at my wark. But it's a' the way o' greatness."

"Maister Jotham! Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy, excitedly, interrupting the man of the light-house; "there's a white scud in the sou'east! and there's anither, and anither! Ye maun hurry up your flarers if ye wud pierce a tempest, for there's a big un brewing."

Jotham turned his eyes to the direction indicated, and his experienced eye soon apprised him that the warning had not been given too soon. The south and east were heaped with wind and thunder; far away the sea could be seen leaping and flashing like a boiling caldron, and the rain was descending in sheer torrents. It was one of those swift spring squalls so prevalent on the coast, and especially perilous to vessels so unfortunate as to be caught in them.

"It is coomin' fast, Maister!" cried Andy.

"Yes," replied Jotham, "an' there's a ship in the throat o' the wharlwind, or I'm a lubber! It's black as night already. Gie me the torch, Andy. Quick! We're just in time to save her from the rocks."

An inky darkness had pervaded the atmosphere within a few moments' space. But at the application of the torch the wicks burned beautifully, shooting up thick, clear, yellow flames, and flinging a flood of radiance far over the tempest-fretted rocks, and far over the deep sea beyond. A flush of pardonable pride reddened the face of Jotham Beverly as he heard the hoarse cheers of the fishermen rising from the strand beneath. They had also been apprised of the approach of the ill-fated vessel on the dangerous shoals, and the sudden gleam of brilliancy from the cupola of the tower was an omen the beauty of which, under the circumstances, even their rude natures could comprehend and appreciate. Every thing appeared to favor the light-house builder on that eventful night. The approaching ship, the sudden blackening of the skies, the very elements themselves appeared to lend strong dramatic effects to this hour of his triumph, and the entire effect was strong and impressive in the extreme to all the islanders. The heat of the blazing jets soon rendered the interior of the lantern intolerably hot to the occupants, so that they were both glad to beat a retreat to the chamber immediately below. Here they stood looking out to sea through the open loop-holes, while the reflection of the strong light from the glistening waves rendered their countenances conspicuous to all up-gazers from the beach beneath.

But all eyes were now turned toward the approaching vessel, which was frequently revealed by flashes of lightning, and which was also, by this time, within the outer edge of the lantern's scope. The rain descended in perfect sheets, the reverberation of the thunder was almost a continuous peal, the sky was black as ink, save when seamed by the lightning gleams; and the sea, as far as could be seen, was a wilderness of gigantic waves, while the long and clamorous roar of the breakers on the outer reefs was plainly audible through the lulls of the thunder.

As the unfortunate vessel drove into the full stream of the signal all eyes watched her with breathless intentness. Her top-masts had been completely wrenched away by the violence of the whirling storm, and her sails were in tatters. It appeared that she was irrevocably doomed. But she was bravely manned, and her crew were not going to despair without a fight for life. Her rigging was black with men endeavoring to restore the shattered sails, and there were still evidences of order and discipline on her littered decks. But pretty soon a monster billow was seen to sweep her from stem to stern, and when she emerged she was evidently unmanageable, while comparatively few of the men were visible where before they had been actively at work.

"It's all up with her; but she is a brave craft!" said Jotham Beverly, between his clenched teeth.

"Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy Graef, with even more excitement than he had yet shown, "what cut o' a craft is that?"

"Three-masted schooner, low in the hulk, sharp-prowed, and like eno' a Government cutter," replied the other, eying the doomed craft with the practiced eye of an old skipper. "Yes, and there goes her death-shriek!" he added, hastily, as a flash leaped from the stern of the wreck, immediately followed by the boom of a signal-gun.

"Do yer know the name o' that ship, maister?" continued Andy, in husky tones.

"Nonsense! you're daft, Andy! How should I know it?"

"Do yer know her skipper's name?" repeated Andy, with even greater excitement than before.

"Haud your toonge, ye crazy loon!" returned the other, pettishly.

"But *I* know 'em both, Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy, shaking his hand aloft with nervous passion. "The craft's the *Raven*, and her skipper is the pirate Seagrave! Ha! ha! my auld witch-mither waurn't a' a fool! The first glint o' your tower lights your ane bairn hame frae the sea!"

Before the thunder-stricken auditor could turn upon him Andy had vanished from the chamber, and Jotham heard him crashing down the winding staircase with break-neck leaps. Jotham leaned far out of the window, and saw the fishermen and wreckers making ready with their life-boats. He saw Andy emerge from the tower's foot and burst among them, inspiriting them with frantic gestures. He felt a strange, lost feeling come over his old breast—a wild desire to go down and also help—but he could not move. He could only look and think. The surf was tremendous at the very foot of the tower, but one life-boat was already afloat, with Andy at the stroke-oar, before the old man dared to turn his eyes seaward again. When he did so, his glance was riveted to the spot, for the white garments of a woman fluttered and gleamed at the schooner's taffrail; and now but a few rods intervened between the vessel and her fate.

The crew had apparently given themselves up for lost, for they seemed to stand motionless upon the decks, as though stupefied with fear, and their boats were evidently lost, as there nowhere appeared to be any attempt to launch one. But one brave, lithe form, which Jotham thought he recognized as Seagrave's, moved ceaselessly among the nerveless men, as though to encourage them, with now and then a cheering gesture toward the white-robed form at the taffrail.

Andy's life-boat, urged by ten stout oarsmen, had almost crossed the foaming bight toward the outer reef, when, just as a terrific peal of thunder shook the earth, followed by increased deluges of rain, the schooner made one bound, and was seen to strike a rock with fearful force. The waves receding for a moment left her almost literally poised in air, impaled upon the sharp horns of the reef.

Even then that one brave form, dauntless in the very jaws of death, was seen, axe in hand, hewing away at the remaining mast, and evidently inspiring his crew with cheery shouts. A wild huzza of admiration rose from the throngs of fishermen on the beach, and even Jotham set his teeth still harder as he gazed. But the sea was stronger than a mortal arm, however brave. Billow after billow licked the schooner down from the rocks and trampled her into fragments. Just as Andy's life-boat gained the reef, the last vestige of the schooner disappeared among the rocks and blinding spray of the further side. It was then, and not till then, that the heart-broken Beverly quitted his look-out to seek poor Margaret in the cabin near by.

The tempest continued for a few hours, and Andy's life-boat returned to the beach with the seat at the stroke-oar empty. The survivors could not explain their comrade's absence, but one of them said that he had seen the luckless fisherman spring upon a rock and make his way toward the wreck.

The next morning the beach was littered with fragments of the schooner. There were many corpses washed ashore. Some were from among the vessel's crew, but many were the nude bodies of black men with iron fetters still clasping their limbs. Two of the bodies were folded in each other's arms, and clasping each other by the throat as though they had gone down in a death-struggle. These were Andy Graef and Seagrave, the slaver captain.

But the last corpse that was found was that of giddy Jean Beverly, with her yellow hair all tangled with sea-weed, and her cheek much paler and thinner than when she left Nantucket. And thus did the first gleam of that old ruined light-house there welcome the erring one Home from the Sea.

THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on 13th June, 1786. His father, a farmer, died when he was five years old; when he was seventeen he lost his mother also. Though but little is known of his childhood, it may be inferred, from his attendance at the High School at Richmond, and subsequently at the College of William and Mary, that the death of his father had not deprived the family of a maintenance. Unlike many of our great men, there is no reason to suppose that Scott was compelled in early youth to work for a living. At the age of twenty, after the usual studies, he was admitted to the Virginia bar, and spent nearly two years in unsuccessful efforts to obtain practice, first in his native State, and subsequently in South Carolina. Had clients been forthcoming, the country might have lost a great soldier and gained a respectable lawyer. As it was, a natural taste for arms had time to develop in the idleness of the circuit, and was stimulated by the prospect of a new outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain. In 1808 Congress increased the army, and on Scott's earnest solicitation he was appointed, in May of that year, when he was barely twenty-two, a Captain of Light Artillery.

For the next three years his life was not of public interest. He was sent to Louisiana, and there, with an indiscretion not unnatural in a fiery youth, he used expressions respecting his superior officer which led to a court-martial and to his suspension from the service for a year. At the present day no officer in Wilkinson's position would prosecute a young captain for talking foolishly about him at a dinner-table. But sixty years ago public men were more sensitive, and even Senators appealed to the Senate to be protected against newspaper criticism. The suspension was a lucky accident for Scott. He devoted the idle year to close study of his profession at the house of his friend, B. Watkins Leigh, and thus fitted himself for the work he had to do.

It came soon enough. After a forbearance unparalleled in history, on 18th June, 1812, Congress declared war upon Great Britain. On 12th October following Scott, now Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, made a forced march through a heavy storm to Schlosser, and offered his services to General Van Rensselaer, who was about to attack the British works on Queenstown Heights. Whether the adventure was a wise one has been a matter of debate. Judged by the result, it was not. It may well be said that, before embarking in the enterprise, the General in command ought to have made sure both of adequate transportation and of the fidelity of his troops. But the people's heart was smarting under the disgrace of Hull's surrender, and—as before Bull Run—every one said that something must be done to sustain the morale of the army. So Chrystie and Van Rensselaer advanced in boats, in small detached parties, and effected a landing; fought gallantly enough, against desperate odds, until one officer after another was disabled or killed, and intelligence was received that the New York militia refused to cross the river. Scott was on the Canadian side, and practically in command, when the fatal news came. Mounting a log in front of his troops, he briefly described the situation:

"Hull's surrender must be redeemed. Let us die with arms in our hands. There is no retreat!"

And the little band, consisting of less than 300 men, resisted the whole British army for more than two hours. At last, pressed by sheer force down the hill-side, they were driven to the water's edge, and further resistance being impossible, they surrendered. Scott thus began the practical study of his profession in defeat and imprisonment.

Every school-boy is familiar with the story of his interview in his prison with the two Indian warriors. The giant Jacobs, a Hercules of the forest, had so often fired at him in the course of the battle that he could not understand how the tall American still survived, and with a rude hand tried to feel for the wounds he felt sure he must have inflicted. All the gentleman's blood in Scott was roused.

"Off, villain!" said he, throwing the savage back: "you fired like a squaw!"

"We kill you now," was the response of the grinning savage.

And but for a swift leap to the rear, where he grasped a sword, and the timely appearance of a British officer of the guar[illegible] career might have been ended by the tomahawks of his visitors.

Not less familiar to all readers is his dispute with his captors about their Irish prisoners. On the deck of a transport in the port of Quebec the British officers had mustered their Queenstown prisoners, and were separating the Irishmen from the Americans. They required each prisoner to answer a question, picked out the Irishmen by their brogue, and set them in irons as traitors. As soon as he discovered what was going on, Scott ordered his men to keep silence, and they obeyed in spite of threats and entreaties. Out of this transaction grew the famous debate on the right of a British subject to expatriate himself. The British Government at first threatened to execute as traitors 23 Irishmen, taken prisoners at Queenstown. Our Government, through Scott, who was soon exchanged, set apart 23 Englishmen, prisoners of war, as hostages for the 23 Irishmen. Wild with rage, Earl Bathurst then put in close confinement 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers to answer for the 23 Englishmen. And Mr. Madison retaliated by setting apart 46 British officers to answer for the 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers. This settled the question. The 23 Irishmen were never brought to trial, and at the close of the war were released. And though the British Parliament has never formally admitted the right of a British subject to expatriate himself—indeed, only three or four years ago that right was expressly denied by one of the highest courts of the realm—it is not likely that Great Britain will ever again attempt to enforce her peculiar views against naturalized citizens of the United States.

But little glory was won on the northern frontier in 1813; what little there was belongs to Scott. The only successful operation of the year was the capture of Fort George, out of which work the garrison ran almost as soon as they were attacked. It was Colonel Scott, who with his own hands pulled down the British flag—his "long legs" having enabled him to distance Porter in the race, to the latter's great disgust. He subsequently commanded the advance of General Wilkinson's miserable expedition against Montreal, but had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and was not sorry when relieved from duty under that incapable officer.

This and other failures satisfied Colonel Scott that, to win victories over trained British troops, our officers and soldiers must know more than they did. Accordingly, in the winter of 1813–14, he established a camp of instruction at Buffalo, became himself drill sergeant for the officers of a brigade, and as soon as his pupils were sufficiently instructed, saw that they imparted what they had learned to the men. By dint of hard work he had succeeded by spring-time in creating a full brigade of well-disciplined troops—perhaps the best brigade in the service. On 9th March he was appointed to their command with the rank of Brigadier. He told the Government that his brigade would give a good account of themselves, and he kept his word.

On 5th July the battle of Chippewa was fought. The commander of the American army, General Brown, was far in the rear when it began. All the instructions Scott received were in these words, about a couple of hours before the first fire:

"The enemy are advancing; you will have a fight."

Brown himself freely admitted that the glory of the day was Scott's. The battle was won by superior generalship; Scott succeeded in striking the British line obliquely and doubling it up. The force on both sides was about equal—say 2000 on a side; the killed, wounded, and missing about 16 per cent. on our side, and 25 per cent. on the side of the enemy. Quite a sharp affair, small as the numbers appear by the side of the heavy figures of more recent contests.

The battle of Niagara, Lundy's Lane, or Bridgewater, as it has sometimes been called, was a still more bloody affair. It was a surprise to our side. False information had led General Brown to believe that the enemy were moving on Schlosser, whereas the only change in their position was the arrival of some fresh troops. General Scott, at the head of his brigade, came unexpectedly upon the whole British army drawn up in order of battle, in a good position, at about 7 P.M. on 25th July. The crisis was one of those which try a General. Had Scott attempted to retreat the enemy, three or four to one, would have overwhelmed him. He could not stand still under fire. He decided instantly to attack, and at the same time sent swift aids to the rear for the remainder of the army. The ruse succeeded. The English did not suspect that there was no one in their front but General Scott's brigade. They moved cautiously, and stood upon the defensive. By the time they discovered their mistake Brown had come up with the remainder of his army, and the contest was nearly equal. It ended in our driving the enemy from the ground he occupied. Beyond this there was no result. The loss on both sides was about equal—say 26 per cent. of the force engaged.

These two battles demonstrated that the youth of 26, whose tall form was so conspicuous where the fight was hottest, and who seemed utterly reckless of his personal safety, was likewise a ripe and sagacious General. Connoisseurs like Wellington and Kosciusko pronounced his strategy in this campaign to be of the highest order. His men were enthusiastic over his personal bravery. Warned to dispense with some of the gaudy trappings of his uniform, which, added to his great height, made him a conspicuous mark for sharp-shooters, he said, "No; if I die I will die in my robes." At Fort George he was the first in the work, though he knew that matches had been applied to the magazine. At Niagara two horses were killed under him, and he was twice wounded, once in the side, and again, at the close of the fight, very severely in the shoulder.

To a man like Scott, keenly sensitive to public opinion, and greedy of fame, his reward for the services he had rendered his country must have been peculiarly gratifying. Prostrated by his wound, he was carried to Batavia, and thence, as he slowly recovered, on the shoulders of friends, to Geneva. Thence he was able to ride in a carriage, and he proceeded by easy stages to Philadelphia. His journey was one continued ovation. People turned out to meet the conqueror as they had turned out to meet Washington. Mothers brought their children to look at him. At Princeton, New Jersey, he was received at Nassau Hall, glorified in an eloquent speech, and honored with a degree. At Philadelphia the Governor met him with a division of militia. At Washington the President offered him the Secretaryship of War. This he declined, but accepted the rank of Major-General—the highest in the army at that time. Congress struck a gold medal in his honor. The Legislatures of Virginia and New York voted him swords and thanks. Like Napoleon, he had reached the pinnacle of fame and popularity at an age when most men are only just commencing life.

The next eighteen years were usefully spent in the public service. He enriched our military literature with several works of merit, which are still used as hand-books. He devoted attention to improving the condition of the army, and spent much time at West Point. He traveled in Europe, studied foreign military systems, and borrowed what his judgment approved. His old chivalrous nature loomed up when the cholera broke out among some troops in the West. With his own hands the fearless soldier nursed the sick and soothed the dying. From his position as Commander-in-Chief, he was in constant consultation with the Presidents of the day, and with increasing years his judgment ripened, and his opinions on topics not military were frequently sought by the best minds of the country.

It is perhaps too much to say that but for him the war of rebellion would have broken out thirty years before. Certain it is, however, that a majority of the people of South Carolina were as bent on rebellion in 1832 as afterward in 1860: equally certain that his wise precautions, the careful garrisoning of the forts, the quiet gathering of strength sufficient to defeat attack, the preparations to collect duties off Fort Moultrie, and the constantly implied assertion that the Government would not hesitate to defend itself by force if assailed, had much to do with the collapse of nullification; and quite possible that similar precautions, taken in time by Buchanan, might have averted the civil war in 1861. He had shown so much tact and judgment in this delicate matter that the popular voice selected him to be "moderator" when the patriot war in Canada threatened to involve the country in needless hostilities. Once more he revisited the scenes of his early glories—this time to keep the peace and prevent war. He was as brave as ever. When an angry meeting of "sympathizers," furious at some violation of our territory by Canadians, threatened to invade the Province forthwith, he lectured them, and wound up with—

"You know me, and I tell you that, except over my body, you shall not cross the line."

By dint of hard work and telling speeches he succeeded in checking the sympathizers and preventing a war. A like service he rendered at a later date, when the northeastern boundary dispute threatened to involve Maine and New Brunswick in war. A still more difficult and delicate feat was performed by him in 1838, when he succeeded in removing the Cherokees from their homes in Georgia to their new reserve west of the Mississippi. To induce 15,000 people, old and young, to remove against their will from the homes of their fathers, to a new country a thousand miles away, without force, harshness, or cruelty, seems a problem pretty nearly insoluble; but Scott solved it, and actually won the esteem and affection of the Indians.

Winfield Scott was 60 years of age when the Mexican war broke out. With the exception of Suwaroff, who was 65 when he defeated Kosciusko at Warsaw, and Marlborough, who was nearly 60 when he won Malplaquet, but few Generals have won victories at so advanced an age. Very few indeed of the great soldiers of history accomplished any thing after they had passed fifty. Scott was an exception to the rule. He had placed himself among the great soldiers of the world at an age when most men are mere boys, and now he was going to prove himself a still greater soldier at an age when most men are retiring from life.

The Mexican war was begun by the Mexicans, who invaded Texas. Expelled from that State, they were pursued by Taylor, and driven from Monterey; but not even the victory of Buena Vista brought us nearer to a peace. General Scott told the Administration that peace could only be won by blows at the vital parts of Mexico: which he explained by suggesting an expedition against the city of Mexico from the base of Vera Cruz. There was at first considerable hesitation at Washington. Sound military men questioned the safety of an expedition whose objective point was some two hundred miles from its base, and there can be no question but Mr. Polk was extremely loth to add to the laurels of General Scott—a political opponent. But the credit of the Administration required successes, and after much delay General Scott was directed in November, 1847, to carry out his plans. To the Mexicans, the intelligence was not unwelcome. The castle of San Juan D'Ulloa they considered impregnable, and Santa Anna proclaimed that between Vera Cruz and Puebla they would find "many a Thermopylæ."

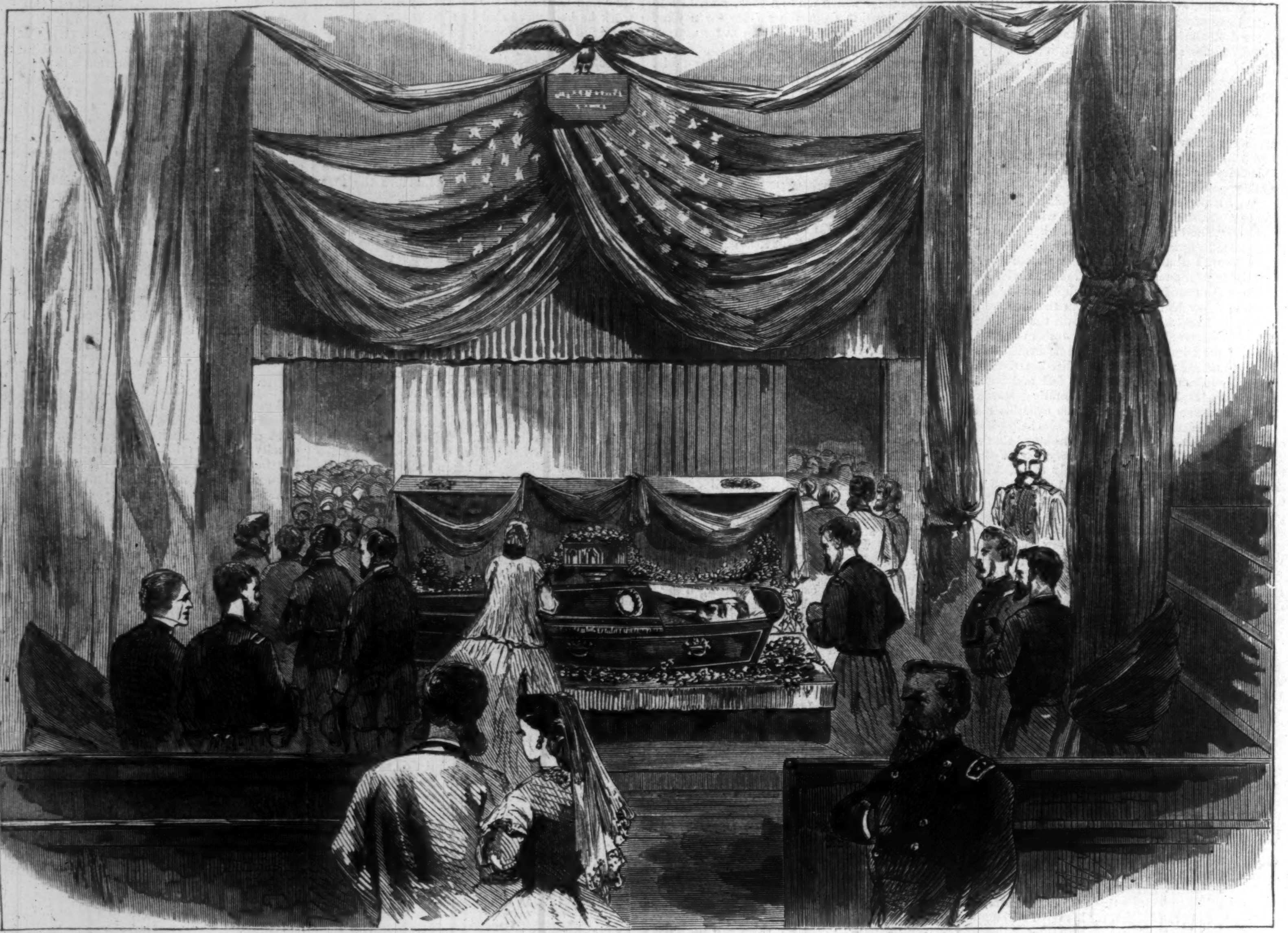
Yet they neglected obvious precautions. On 9th March, 1848, Scott landed his army without opposition three miles from Vera Cruz, and at once besieged the place. A fortnight afterward the bombardment commenced, and at the end of seven days the town and castle surrendered. Both foreign and domestic critics had predicted that General Scott would spend a year in vain attempts to reduce San Juan D'Ulloa.

A few days were spent in landing material of war, and preparing for the long march into the interior. In the second week of April the army moved, and on 15th the advance met the Mexicans under Santa Anna, at the defile of Cerro Gordo—a post naturally strong, and to fortify which the Mexicans had expended their best efforts. General Scott's course showed that age had not diminished his early vigor.

"The enemy's whole line of intrenchments," he ordered, "will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned early in the day to-morrow, probably before 10 A.M."

It was so done. Some of the Mexican works were stormed, others were turned; three thousand Mexicans surrendered with all their artillery, and Santa Anna, whose first experience of a Mexican Thermopylæ must have been disheartening, mounted a mule cut from his carriage, and rode rapidly toward Perote. The pursuit was vigorous. Through Jalapa and Perote, without halting or meeting an enemy, Scott's army pushed forward to Puebla, 115 miles from Vera Cruz, on 15th May, six weeks from the successful establishment of their base on the coast.

It was then that the real difficulties of the campaign began. To keep open a line of communications 115 miles long through a hostile country, full of defiles and mountain passes, with an army in all ten thousand strong, was a feat that has not been surpassed even in the late war. The difficulties of the situation were aggravated by lukewarm support of the General at Washington, and by querulous letters written by officers of his command to newspapers at home. Scott's manly soul chafed fiercely at criticisms which a man of less sensitive organization would have despised. But neither the captious sarcasms of the War Department nor the ignorant cavils of newspapers diverted him from his purpose. By strenuous exertions he kept the road open to Vera Cruz, and at length, in August, he received the supplies and reinforcements he needed. As soon as he could count upon 10,000 available men, besides the garrisons required for his base line, he moved on Mexico.



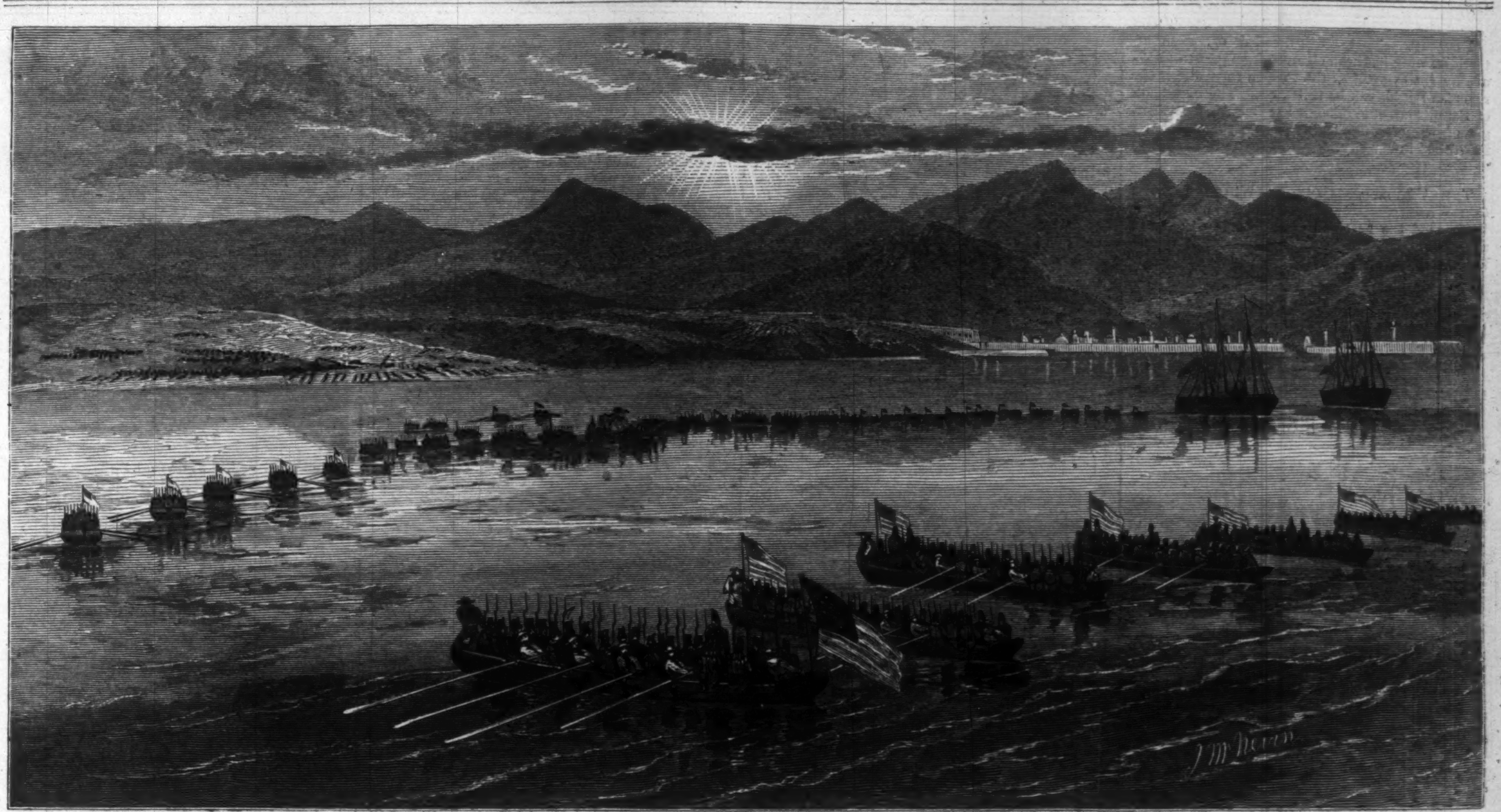
SCOTT'S FUNERAL—IN THE CHAPEL.

It is not necessary here to recapitulate the familiar story of Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the Belen Gate. It must suffice to say that by strategy and the valor of his troops SCOTT, with ten thousand men, in the open plain, beat SANTA ANNA, with twenty thousand behind strong works, and on September 14 entered the Gran Plaza of Mexico a conqueror. The exploit deserved and elicited the warmest applause from military critics in Europe. It reminded one of NAPOLEON'S early feats in the war in Italy. Stunned by the unexpected result, the Mexicans made haste to negotiate for peace; and when it was found that the victor demanded no exorbitant terms, did not seek to alter the form of their government, would accept no reward for himself, and merely proposed a plan of accommodation which, while guarding against a recurrence of hostilities, was equally honorable to Mexico and to the United States, they actually received him with enthusiasm.

His return to the United States, which should have been triumphal, was embittered by squabbles with his officers and bickerings with the Government. As was the case in M'CLELLAN'S Army of the Potomac, many generals of the Army of Mexico thought more of their own fame than of the success of the national arms; and the Administration, blinded by partisan prejudice, could only see in the conqueror of Mexico a formidable Whig competitor for the Presidential succession. By order of the Government General SCOTT had handed over the command of his army to General BUTLER, and returned home in October, 1848, to stand his trial before a court-martial on charges preferred against him by creatures like PILLOW, and to prosecute charges against other officers. A knowledge of the weak points of SCOTT'S character—of his readiness to accept an affront from the most insignificant person, and of his sensitiveness to indignities which a more callous nature would never have noticed—enabled unworthy men in the army and in the Government to wound him beyond bearing, and to goad him, in the extremity of his suffering, to retorts which did not become his greatness.

In June, 1852, nearly four years after his return from Mexico, the Whigs nominated him for the Presidency. He was beaten by MR. PIERCE, his record on the slavery question being less clear than that of his Democratic antagonist. His letter

BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.



LANDING AT VERA CRUZ.

to T. P. Atkinson, written in 1843, on the subject of slavery, showed clearly that he didn't like the institution, and this was enough for ripening secessionists. Mr. Pierce, on the contrary, was understood to regard slavery as the direct work of Providence. Such a defeat, on such grounds, involved a compliment.

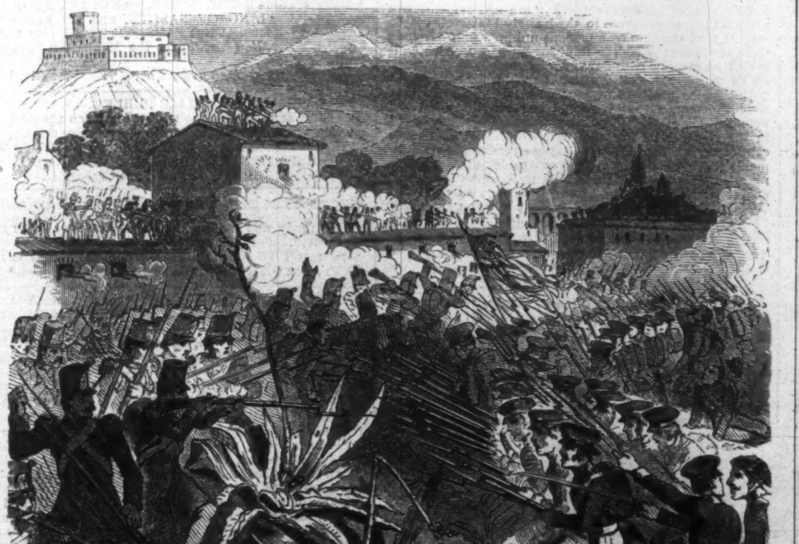
In October, 1860, Lieutenant-General Scott (Congress had given him that brevet rank) was seventy-four years of age. His body was feeble; he was lame; he suffered from a painful disease; he slept badly. But his mind was clear enough to discern the signs of the times. Ten days before the Presidential election he called Mr. Buchanan's attention to the defenseless state of the Southern forts, and to the danger of their being seized by Southern rebels. With the guileless simplicity of his character, he never suspected the President of complicity with the traitors. Again and again, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, he pressed his views on the Government; they were uniformly disregarded. His old comrade in arms, General Cass, was the only member of the Government who would listen to him, and he was too old to struggle against his colleagues. The others affected to disbelieve his warnings, or chuckled over what they called his "senile terrors."

As inauguration day drew near, and the seizure of Southern forts by rebels and the passage of pretended ordinances of secession vindicated the soundness of General Scott's judgment, the traitors at Washington threw off the mask, and confessed that they regarded the Government as defunct. Buchanan actually countermanded the parade of the troops on Washington's birthday—"for fear of irritating the South." General Scott—noble old Roman—grew stronger and sterner as other men in authority grew weaker and more disposed to temporize. He was not afraid of offending any body. His knowledge of the Southern character led him to apprehend an attempt to assassinate Lincoln. By the aid of his detectives, he discovered the Baltimore plot about as soon as it was found out by the detectives employed by Mr. Seward and Thurlow Weed. This nefarious scheme baffled, his next care was to see that Mr. Lincoln was not murdered on inauguration day.

Persons who witnessed that inauguration will remember that a large number of roofs on Pennsylvania Avenue were covered with men. Careless observers took them for spectators. They were, in reality, troops, armed with rifles. In the crowd were armed detectives, acting under Scott's orders; and in buildings adjacent to the Capitol were three or four batteries of horse artillery, fully manned and equipped; the most efficient of them commanded by a gawky young lieutenant—Godfrey Weitzel. Washington was, in fact, that day in a state of siege; though nobody, except, perhaps, the conspirators, knew it. If all passed off tranquilly, the event may, perhaps, be due to General Scott's thorough precautions.

Of the remaining years of General Scott's life there is little to be said. He soon became aware that at his age, and with his infirmities, he was not competent to conduct the War for the Union. Bull Run almost broke his heart; and though he lived to repent his designation of M'Clellan as the fittest officer to succeed him in the supreme command, it was with sincere delight that he relinquished a responsibility which he was no longer able to endure. In quiet retirement, beguiling his leisure by the composition of an autobiography, he took the interest of a true patriot in the success of our arms; followed Grant and Sherman on the map with the eye of a connoisseur, and was never tired of extolling their merits to visitors. He had been sadly chastened of late. Many of his best friends had turned their backs on him. Robert E. Lee, his right hand, led the rebel army; another and a dearer one yet was suspected of even fouler treason; his wife's family were open rebels; his native State denounced him. With more humility and resignation than were his wont in younger days, he bowed his head to these afflictions, and clove the closer to his country as his friends departed from it.

Though he had no warning of his approaching death he was not unprepared. For some time he had expected his end; and had more than once sought religious counsel, and devoted his thoughts to a future world. He died, where he wished to die, at West Point—the place above all others which he loved, and where he will be best remembered. There are no "last words" of his to be recorded by the historian. His last act was to press, in token of approbation, the hand of the clergyman who proposed to read to him, as he lay dying, the noble service for the dead from the ritual of the Episcopal Church.



STORMING OF MOLINO DEL REY.

SCOTT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO.

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Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-Preservers, to improve the sight of old and young without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Optician,
669½ Broadway (under Lafarge House), N.Y.

THE KEY to COMFORTABLE, CLEAN, AND QUIET HOUSES.

BROWNE'S METALLIC WEATHER BANDS exclude DUST, NOISE, and ODOR, STOP the RATTLING OF SASHES, and are warranted good for FIVE YEARS. Principal Depot No. 644 Broadway, New York, over the Manhattan Savings-Bank.

Local Agents wanted every where. Send for circular.

THE WEST INDIAN HAIR CURLER.—Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address
THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO.,
Box 5251, New York Post-Office.

Great Freckle, Tan, & Pimple Banisher,

Now ready and for sale. It beats the world. Try it. Warranted. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.
Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING COMPANY, Box 5251, New York Post-Office.

$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents.
H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

MALARIA EVERY WHERE.

Rarely has there been a season as fruitful as this of malarious diseases. Not only on the prairies and in the valleys of the West; not merely in all the old haunts of Fever and Ague and Bilious Remittent Fever have these prostrating diseases been unusually virulent; but they have extended to towns and cities never before infested with them, and have even ascended the mountains and attacked thousands of people supposed to have been placed by the laws of nature above their reach. Hence we are compelled to admit that a fatal element pervades the universal air this season, and should at once resort to the only approved preventive of its consequences,

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

a tonic so potent, an antiseptic so perfect, an alterative so irresistible, and a stimulant so pure, that it enables the human system to resist and baffle all the predisposing causes of disease. With the confidence that one clothed in incombustible garments might move among blazing buildings, the man who arms himself against malaria with this powerful *defensive medicine* may walk a fever-scourged district fearless of its insalubrious atmosphere. The intermittents and remittents at present so general in all parts of the country may be but the forerunners of a deadlier scourge now on its way westward from the far East. Prepare the system with

Hostetter's Bitters

for a successful battle with the mephitic causes of *all epidemics.* Be wise in time. Sold every where.—*New York World, November* 6, 1865.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, Five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38×51. Price $3500. The Press on which Harper's Weekly has been printed. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS,
331 Pearl Street, New York.

Restore Your Sight.
USE

DR. J. STEPHENS & CO.'S PATENT CORNEA RESTORERS, or RESTORERS of the EYESIGHT.

They will Restore Impaired Sight, and Preserve it to the Latest Period of Life.

SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS.

The most eminent Physicians, Oculists, Divines, and the most prominent men of our country, recommend the use of the CORNEA RESTORERS, for Presbyopia, or Far or Long Sightedness, or every person who wears spectacles from old age; Dimness of Vision, or Blurring; Overworked Eyes; Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; Epiphora, or Watery Eyes; Pain in the Eyeball; Amaurosis, or Obscurity of Vision; Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; Weakness of the Retina and Optic Nerve; Myodesopia, or Specks or Moving Bodies before the Eyes; Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and Eyelids; Cataract Eyes; Hemiopia, or Partial Blindness; Sinking of the Eyeball, &c.

They can be used by any one with a certainty of success, and without the least fear of injury to the Eye. More than 5000 certificates of cures are exhibited at our office. Cure guaranteed in every case when applied according to the directions inclosed in each box, or the money will be refunded. Write for a Circular—sent gratis. Address
Dr. J. STEPHENS & CO., Oculists, at RUSHTON'S Family Drug Store, No. 10 Astor House, Broadway, New York. (P. O. Box 926). ☞ Dr. J. Stephens & Co. have invented and patented a MYOPIA, or CORNEA FLATTENER, for the cure of NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS, which has proved a great success. Write for a Circular.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Have selected the following kinds from their Stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.

MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL and **HYSON**, best, $1 25 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. ℔ lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we will sell at the low price of 30c. ℔ lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 ℔ lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street,
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City;
No. 640 Broadway, corner of Bleeker Street;
No. 503 Eighth Avenue, near Thirty-seventh Street;
No. 205 Fulton St., Brooklyn, corner Concord St.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small Stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of clubs can have each party's name marked on their packages as directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often, while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) Clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs. And when any of them come to New York we shall be pleased to have them call upon us and make themselves known.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford.

The following letter tells its own story:

BRODHEAD, GREEN CO., WIS., *May 8, 1866.*

To The Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York City;

The package of Tea I ordered of you came safely to hand. All are highly pleased with their Teas. Your best is superior to what our merchants *call their best*, and sell for $2 to $2 50. The Oolong is far better than what they sell at $1 70. I herewith send another order, amounting to $131. I could send you a much larger one, but many of our farmers are so afraid of being humbugged. They say that if you give as good satisfaction this time as you did before, they will then "*go in.*" Send the goods by United States Express, with bill for collection, as before. Also bill by mail to myself. You will hear in a larger way from this section next time. Mark the box to my address.

Respectfully yours, W. B. MACK.

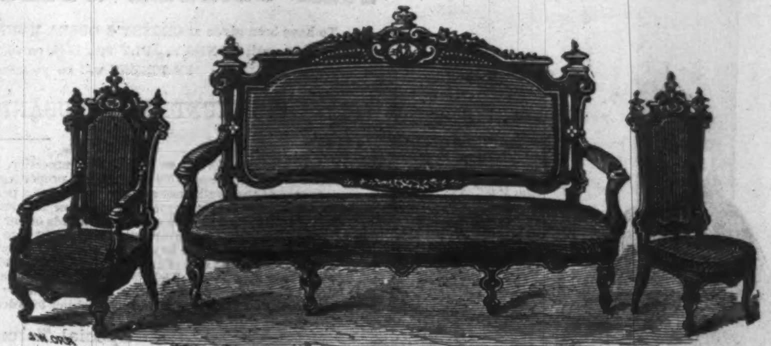
ORDER No. 2.

5 lbs.	Best Oolong	T. D. Laird	at $1 00	$5 00
5 lbs.	"	L. Simons	at 1 00	5 00
2 lbs.	"	Mrs. Howard	at 1 00	2 00
5 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	C. Lampson	at 1 00	5 00
1 lb.	Imperial	D. Gunnison	at 80	80
2 lbs.	Green Tea	James Spencer	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Imperial	James Spencer	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	James Spencer	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	James Spencer	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	J. B. Kirkpatrick	at 1 25	2 50
5 lbs.	Gunpowder	Franklin Mitchell	at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	Moses Kirkpatrick	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	Moses Kirkpatrick	at 1 25	2 50
6 lbs.	Imperial	T. T. Cortelyou	at 1 25	7 50
4 lbs.	"	Jas. Kirkpatrick	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs.	Gunpowder	Jas. Kirkpatrick	at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Jas. Kirkpatrick	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	F.B.&D. Coffee	Jas. Kirkpatrick	at 30	1 20
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	Austin Cole	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Austin Cole	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	J. N. Davis	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	J. N. Davis	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	Jacob Teneyck	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Jacob Teneyck	at 1 25	1 25
5 lbs.	Young Hyson	Robert Brown	at 1 25	6 25
3 lbs.	Imperial	S. Graham	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	S. Graham	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	"	Dr. Springsted	at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Young Hyson	Dr. Springsted	at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	Wm. Hall	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	"	Mrs. Chas. Clinton	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	Mrs. Chas. Clinton	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs.	Imperial	Walter Smith	at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	Walter Smith	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	W. Mitchell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	W. Mitchell	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	"	R. Colton	at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	"	P. Teneyck	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	P. Teneyck	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	W. B. Mack (getter up of this club)	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	R. J. Day	at 1 25	2 50
5 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	R. J. Day	at 1 25	6 25
	Total			$131 00

P. S.—Send 4 lbs. of your *best green* Java Coffee, with price, to W. B. MACK.

Our second order from Mr. R. H. Harrison, of Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway Shops, fort Wayne, Ind., embraces a club-order comprising over 200 names of gentlemen engaged in the above manufacturing works.

All Manufacturing Establishments can save two thirds of the cost of their Tea by sending their orders to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York City. (Post-Office Box 5643.)



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse

Removed to the new White Marble Building, No. 686 Broadway, between Fourth and Great Jones Streets.

NEW STORE, NEW STYLES, POPULAR PRICES.

These extensive warerooms afford ample facilities for the display of our immense stock, consisting of an elegant variety of Fashionable Rich, Medium, and Plain Furniture, which will be sold at Popular Prices. ☞ Purchasers are invited to inspect the largest and handsomest stock in this country. No. 686 BROADWAY, New York City.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

MAMMOTH OIL ENTERPRISE AND GRAND GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

40,000 Shares of Stock to be Sold for Five Dollars each, AND 40,000 Valuable Presents—One to each Shareholder.

$20,000 IN GREENBACKS, HOUSES, AND OTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY, TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG SHAREHOLDERS WHO INVEST $5 IN THE STOCK OF THE VANCEBURG OIL COMPANY, WHICH WILL PAY 200 PER CENT. PROFIT ANNUALLY ON THE AMOUNT OF THE INVESTMENT.

Distribution to take place Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1866, at

IRVING HALL, NEW YORK.

The merit of this plan is two-fold. First, each subscriber to a $5 share becomes a Stockholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—*a small fortune.*

SPLENDID LIST OF PRESENTS.

1	Present, Brown Stone House in New York City	$15,000
1	" Frame House	5,000
1	" do.	3,000
6	Presents, Lots in the City of New York	9,000
1	Present, Rosewood Piano	1,000
10	Presents, Cabinet Organs, @ $300 each	3,000
10	" Melodeons, @ $300 each	3,000
10	" Gold Watches, @ $100 each	1,000
10	" Silver Watches, @ $50 each	500
10	" Silver Watches, @ $25 each	250
2,000	" $10 each in Greenbacks	20,000
3,000	" Splendid Albums, $8 each	24,000
2,000	" Splendid Albums, $5 each	10,000
5,000	" Gold Lockets, $4 each	20,000
5,000	" Gold Pens, $3 each	15,000
8,000	" Steel Engravings of General Grant, $1 each	8,000
14,940	" Packs of Union Cards (for Parlor Amusement)	7,470
40,000	Presents, amounting to	$145,220
	Cash Present to the Company	50,000
	Expenses (estimated)	4,780
40,000	Shares to be Sold for	$200,000

HOW TO OBTAIN SHARES.

Forty thousand printed receipts will be issued, each entitling the holder to one share of stock in the Vanceburg Petroleum and Mining Company; and each accompanied by a card of admission (properly numbered), to the Grand Distribution, and entitling the holder to the present that may be drawn to its number on that occasion. The receipts and cards of admission can be had at book stores, and of agents throughout the country, at $5 per share, or by inclosing the amount in a registered letter to

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Agents wanted every where.

Wines and Cordials.

I will send to any address, on receipt of One Dollar, directions for making the following Wines and Cordials, so extensively used in Great Britain, viz.: Shrub, Spruce, Raspberry, Noyeau, Cloves, Gingerette, Gooseberry, Currant, Ginger, Honey, Parsnip, Elderberry, and Rhubarb, equal to imported Champagnes. The cost is but trifling. Contain no alcohol. Pleasant to the taste, and exceedingly healthy. Address Thomas H. Giddings, Lancaster, Ohio.

FIVE DOLLAR GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE,

An ENTIRELY NEW and *Serviceable* Sewing Machine, Class 1, *especially adapted* to FAMILY USE, with *Palmer improvement.* Warranted SEWS STRONG, ELEGANT, and RAPID.

WILL NEITHER RIP NOR RAVEL.
MAKES THE STITCH THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES.
WILL NOT DROP A STITCH.
IS A SELF-FEEDER.

STRENGTH, ELEGANCE, SPEED, SIMPLICITY, CERTAINTY, and CHEAPNESS *in one.* Gives *perfect satisfaction* wherever introduced. ONE MACHINE, Class 1, for family use forwarded by Express *to any part* on receipt of price, $5. Address Gold Medal Sewing Machine Co., S. E. corner of Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

FISHING TACKLE,

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau Street, one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

Patent Snap-and-Catch-Em Fish-Hook. A perfect trap; springs open in the fish's mouth; sportsmen and boys all want them. Send 30 cents and stamp for two sample hooks, or $1 25 for one dozen, and trade-prices, to JOSEPH BRIGGS, 335 Broadway, New York. Room 35.

Remarkable Cure of Stiff Knee by Allcock's Porous Plasters.

How many persons, from stepping on a piece of orange-peel, have been lamed for life. A case which might have been of this kind has just been brought to our notice. A gentleman, from placing the heel of his boot on a piece of orange-peel, was suddenly thrown down, and violently sprained his knee. He was six months confined to the house, though he had the best medical advice. As a last resort a very eminent physician was called in to see if any thing more could be done. After examination he said, "My opinion is, your knee will never be bent again." He recommended that the whole leg and knee should be encased in a plaster of Paris bandage, which would accelerate the permanent stiffening of the knee, and said that the sooner it was done the better. But the patient, before trying this application and having a stiff knee for life, enveloped it in our Porous Plasters, and in less than two months his knee was perfectly cured.

Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York. By the yard or single plaster. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

Mosquito Nets

WITH PATENT PORTABLE FRAMES.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 447 Broadway.

"The Mammoth Informer" given away to every body. Send stamp for it. Courtship made easy, 15 cents. Bridal etiquette, 15 cents. Laws of love, 30 cents.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

A NEW GAME.

All persons who would like to make money easily, and who have brains enough to know a "a good thing" when they see it, will write for further information to "G. S. W.," Box 653, Newark, New Jersey.

STANDARD AMERICAN

BILLIARD TABLES.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Tables manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by
PHELAN & COLLENDER, Nos. 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby Street, New York City.

I. E. WALRAVEN,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CURTAINS,

WINDOW-SHADES, AND

LINENS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
No. 686 Broadway, New York,
719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

CLOSING OUT SALE

OF THE

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

Owing to the failure and sudden closing of the works and business of the

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

A large number of fine Watches, manufactured especially for the United States, being heavy, first-class time-keepers, intended to stand hard usage and sudden changes of temperature, are left in our hands for immediate sale. As agents of the Company, we are obliged to dispose of this stock for cash in the shortest possible time. We have, therefore, decided on the plan annexed as the one that will be productive of the desired result. This plan gives every one an opportunity of obtaining first-class time-keepers at a price that all can command. As every Certificate represents a Watch, there are no blanks, and every one who invests in this sale MUST get a Watch at half the retail price at least; and, if at all fortunate, one to wear with pride through life.

Remittances may be made at our risk in registered letters or by express, or post-office orders and drafts payable to our order, and we guarantee a safe return. This INSURES safe delivery and sure return to every patron.

We warrant every Watch as represented, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. Knowing the worth of the stock, we can give a warrantee to every purchaser. The price has been placed at the very low figure in order to insure immediate sale; and all who desire to improve the opportunity should make early application.

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York,
(Late 303 Broadway,)
AGENTS for THE NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID LIST OF

Fine Watches and Chains,

Worth $350,000!

TO BE SOLD FOR

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

127	Gold hunting-cased Chronometers, from	$175 to $455
163	Gold hunting-cased English Pat. Levers	150 to 370
144	Gold hunting-cased Duplex	100 to 305
175	Gold hunting-cased Patent Levers	75 to 270
232	Gold hunting-cased Levers	60 to 275
240	Gold hunting-cased Lepines	50 to 205
169	Gold magic-cased Levers	90 to 270
335	Heavy gold-cased Patent Levers	75 to 225
268	Heavy gold-cased Levers	70 to 175
120	Ladies' gold hunting-cased Levers	45 to 225
272	Ladies' gold enam'd hunting-cased Levers	55 to 250
135	Ladies' gold enam'd magic cased Levers	60 to 275
235	Ladies' gold-cased engraved Levers	45 to 175
263	Ladies' gold-cased engraved Lepines	40 to 125
380	Heavy solid silver cased Duplex	35 to 125
735	Heavy solid silver cased Patent Levers	30 to 125
500	Heavy solid silver cased Levers	25 to 100
478	Heavy solid silver cased Lepines	20 to 90
263	Ladies' solid cased Levers	25 to 90
224	Ladies' solid cased Lepines	20 to 65
500	Solid Gold Guard and Vest Chains	15 to 150
350	Solid Gold Leontine and Chatelaines	15 to 125

☞ All the above list of Watches will be sold for Ten Dollars each.

Certificates representing each and every Watch in the above list are placed in similar envelopes and sealed. Any person obtaining a Certificate, to be had at our office, or sent by mail to any address, can have the article called for on the return of the certificate, with Ten Dollars.

We charge, for forwarding certificates, 50 cents each. Five will be sent for $2, and fifteen for $5.

The certificates must in all cases be returned with and accompany the money when goods are ordered.

All orders promptly filled and forwarded by return mail or express. Address

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York.

5000 Agents Wanted. $5 per day and expenses. Inclose stamp for circular to Bell & Co., Springfield, Mass.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.